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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

"If I can only keep the Catholics who don't want to vote for me thinking they're renegades, and the non-Catholics who don't want to vote for me thinking they're bigots, maybe everybody will forget about whose vest-pocket I'm in!"

Articles and Reviews by . . . . RICHARD M. WEAVER
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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ we feature a dirge by Professor **Richard Weaver** of the University of Chicago on the emergence of a mass plutocracy. On the eve of the elections, the author of *Ideas Have Consequences* asks somberly whether the American people are as bad as one would deduce from a study of the rhetoric of their political leaders . . . And for those who expect a victory by Senator Kennedy we present a young man's views of the procedure President-Elect Kennedy will follow on the Day he Chooses His Cabinet. The parody is by **Robert Schuchman**, a student at the Yale Law School, and chairman of the newly-founded Young Americans for Freedom.

→ **James Burnham** writes about the role of the UN in helping Lumumba, Moscow's man in the Congo, make his comeback . . . **Anthony Lejeune**, formerly editor of *Time & Tide*, now with Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, tells us probably not 10 per cent of the British population sympathize with Labor's Unilateralists who two weeks ago at Scarborough clamored for a genteel surrender to the Soviet Union . . . **Frank S. Meyer** digs down to find the philosophical meaning of the great debates between Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Nixon, and notes that both men argued under the aspect of a single idea—contemporary American Liberalism, from which neither seems able to fight his way free . . . **Russell Kirk** tells hilariously of yet another hilarious extremity to which the educationists (this time in California) recently went.

→ **Willmoore Kendall**, who is recovering in Madrid from a recent illness, writes about the startling new book on the American Negro by Nathaniel Weyl. Mr. Weyl, you may remember, came forward to corroborate Whittaker Chambers' charges against Alger Hiss. He had been a member of the same cell. He broke away in the middle 30s . . . **Vincent Miller** is a professor at Wofford College who reviews the reissue of Allen Tate's great novel, *The Fathers* . . . **Rodney Gilbert** calls attention to the new, short, and indispensable history of modern China by Professor David Rowe of Yale . . . And **Garry Wills**, having seen Sir Laurence Olivier star in Anouilh's *Becket*, suggests Sir Laurence be dis-knighted.

→ And finally, we present with great pride our supplement, BEAR AND DRAGON. Conceived and edited by **James Burnham**, it is the most serious available examination of the relation between Moscow and Peking. Eight formidable scholars examine that relation, each in the perspective of his own scholarly discipline: and the result is an absorbing analysis which is bound to be useful to the nation's top strategists and political leaders. Extra copies are available at $1. Be sure to read the supplement, and to advertise its availability to anyone interested in the problem, which is to say everyone interested in world affairs . . . We shall report on our birthday party in the next issue—which will also comment on the new President of the United States.

The WEEK

The Soviet Union and its satellites have served notice on the United Nations that they have no intention of paying their share of the cost of the UN's Congo operation. *Suggestion:* Why doesn't the United Nations, which is, after all, the greatest country club of them all, adopt the usual rules? A member who falls behind in dues will be posted. If he fails to pay up in fifteen days, he will be barred from the club's facilities.

● Prominent Republicans are privately urging Richard Nixon to name Congressman Walter H. Judd as Secretary of State, should he win the election. Others say he should make an announcement to that effect before the election; that by taking the initiative in such a way he would put pressure on Kennedy to name *his* choice for the post, and so face the disruptive Stevenson issue. The popular keynoter of the Republican National Convention would win over many staunch anti-Communist Catholics who are worried about the possibility of Kennedy's naming Stevenson to the post. A letter is being circulated among prominent persons, urging them to join the appeal behind "Walter Judd—doctor, medical missionary, legislator, statesman—[who] represents the very best our nation has to offer."

● On two of the most critical issues facing the American economy—featherbedding and automation—the West Coast waterfront employers have made a deal with Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen and Warehouse Workers Union that may become, for better or worse, a model for settlement in other industries. On the surface, at any rate, the terms define a hard-headed quid pro quo. The employers gain, or rather regain, freedom to set work rules in accord with efficiency of operation: *i.e.*, to eliminate featherbedding, archaic methods, and make-work. Within certain limits, they may install the new labor-saving machinery that has been developed for dockside use. In return, they will pay $27.5 million, over a five and a half year period, into an "automation fund." Although details have not been given, this money is supposed to be spent by the union to strengthen retirement and welfare funds, and to aid displaced workers. Since the employers obviously must believe that their saving, from the new methods and machines, will be more than enough to absorb the $27.5 million, this figure—for a single segment of one sector of the economy—gives some inkling of the colossal burden that featherbedding and obsolescent machinery impose on the economy as a whole: a burden which in this case is proved by the terms of the agreement to have resulted from the reactionary stand of monopoly unionism. The $27.5 million, even if defensible from a humane standpoint, is an added new cost diluting the benefits that the industry and the economy can derive from the new efficiency. It is not reassuring that this huge sum will be under the control of a man whose career proves that he normally puts the Kremlin's interests above America's.

● It appears that the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has been scared off by Dr. Linus Pauling, who has refused to cooperate with it, having previously arranged for a full orchestration for his performance—full-page newspaper advertisements (signed by Liberals and pro-Communists, appearing cheek by jowl, as in the old days), editorials, columns, and the rest of it. Senator Thomas Dodd made an excellent answer to Dr. Pauling's charge that it was the intention of the investigating committee to visit reprisals on persons who had aided him in compiling the list of scientists who called for a suspension of nuclear tests. The Senator pointed out that the scientists' petition reflected, after all, the current views of the Administration. It is unlikely that a scientist will be harassed for having the same views as President Eisenhower (though he should be!). But then, strangely, Senator Dodd backed down. "Dr. Pauling has not committed contempt and the subcommittee has not discussed citing him for contempt." But Senator Dodd has himself pointed out that Dr. Pauling is in possession of information to which a duly constituted Senate committee charged with investigating Communist influence on American affairs has the right of access. The subcommittee is grievously mistaken in retreating from its duty merely because Dr. Pauling is a first-rate self-publicist. He is not immune from the law—again, as Senator Dodd himself pointed out—in virtue of his great scientific accomplishments. Either the subcommittee is or is not serious in desiring the information it has requested of Dr. Pauling. If it is not, it was inexcusable to have called Dr. Pauling in the first place.

● Last summer we accused Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco of yielding to the pressures of the Communist-led mob by denying future use of the City Hall to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Mayor Christopher now writes that we misunderstood the meaning of his action, and we are glad to have his explanation. "I personally have high regard for the purposes of the Un-American Activities Committee and have so stated publicly. They will be welcome to come to San Francisco at any time and will receive our fullest protection

in these public hearings, but certainly it is proper for the Mayor to suggest a more suitable location where public officials, as well as the general public, will not be endangered by falling down a flight of marble stairs [such as leads to the hearing room at City Hall] or otherwise being harmed. A Federal Government building should be used for these hearings so that . . . the willful rioters would then be subjected to Federal rather than only local prosecution. I am sure Communists would not so easily transgress on Federal properties for they are aware of the more severe penalties in a Federal Court."

● Nikita Khrushchev has never belonged to the "let the dust settle" school of diplomacy. The more dust the merrier, especially when it clogs up the eyes, ears and noses of his enemies. After an East River month of setting black clouds to swirl around "the colonial question," he has started blowing once more, from home base, on the thoroughly pulverized "German crisis." Never give a sucker a chance to catch his breath; now, while he is bogged down in the Congo, give him the old one-two on his eastern flank. In a talk with the West German Ambassador Hans Kroll, Khrushchev set April as this year's deadline for doing something about Germany. He can't wait beyond April to get Western agreement on a German treaty and Berlin. If the West doesn't respond—with a Summit meeting, it was suggested—he will have to sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany, and then (it was further suggested) the West may confront the choice of abandoning West Berlin or fighting for it. The West Germans have heard the words before, but the melody has changed to a more dulcet tune from the harsh notes about militarism, revanchism and resurgent Nazism that accompanied Kremlin utterances on the German problem for the past two years. This new sweetening of manner toward West Germany, interestingly enough, is in exactly inverse relation to the rapid souring of the Kremlin's attitude toward France. Last year Khrushchev wooed de Gaulle and denounced Adenauer. Today he begins to woo Adenauer as he ships tools and arms to the FLN in Algeria.

● It was a rather forlorn celebration of United Nations Day—October 24th, in case it's not red-lettered on your calendar—at Léopoldville's 40,000-seat stadium. Oh, the UN troops from Ghana, Guinea, Ethiopia, Indonesia, Mali and Ruritania were drawn up on the field, all right. Rajeshwar Dayal, Deputy Plenipotentiary of Generalissimo Dag Hammarskjold, was on hand to take what passed for the salute. The scores of UN flags—what patchwork quilts fly there!—were duly raised in the fetid air. Cleophas Kamitatu, Lumumba's sidekick who styles himself President of Léopoldville Province, sat in honor. But not many others sat with him in all those acres of seats. The drunken Congolese soldiery, raging, slashing and raping in the streets, did not permit their countrymen, such few as were indiscreet enough to try, to join their Liberators in the stadium. Even the Western ambassadors, watching the UN's stage-by-stage restoration of Moscow-backed Patrice Lumumba, found one pretext or another to sit it out at home.

● Senator Thomas Dodd has replied to Kenneth Tynan's charges (NR, October 22) that he was brutally used by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and don't we know better than to do such a thing to an Englishman? Mr. Tynan expressed outrage in *Harper's* Magazine at the suggestion that the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, whose manifesto exonerating Castro he had signed, might have been a front for Castro himself; or, more broadly, for the Communist Party. Senator Dodd now reveals that the Fair Play committee's secretary, Miss Joanne Grant, "repeatedly invoked the Fifth Amendment when . . . asked about her Communist affiliations and her associations with the Castro government." On other matters Senator Dodd accused Mr. Tynan of having "lapsed into the kind of fantasy that is difficult to explain on the basis of faulty recollection." Certain questions Mr. Tynan says he was asked by the committee were never put to him in any form, says the Senator. "Under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Tynan's testimony before the Subcommittee on Internal Security would probably not be published because it is admittedly fragmentary and inconclusive. Since Mr. Tynan has publicly broached the matter, however, I shall recommend that, in proper time, his testimony be printed together with all the other testimony on the Fair Play for Cuba Committee." Perhaps *Harper's* Magazine will print the relevant extracts from the Tynan testimony, to permit its readers to check the imagery of some of its poets against reality.

● American Telephone & Telegraph Company has applied to the Federal Communications Commission for permission to orbit a communications relay satellite system. The first commercial system will cost, the company figures, about $50 million—which is not so much when you learn that the company expects it to handle one hundred million overseas telephone calls per year by 1980. In an age when the unsettled Arctic and Antarctic belong to the United States Navy, and when all newly-born nations belong to Dag Hammarskjold, we are comforted to learn that private exploration is not dead. We just hope our cheer is not premature. Five hundred years ago, for instance, would the Maritime Commission have given a sailing permit to Columbus?

Carey's Down

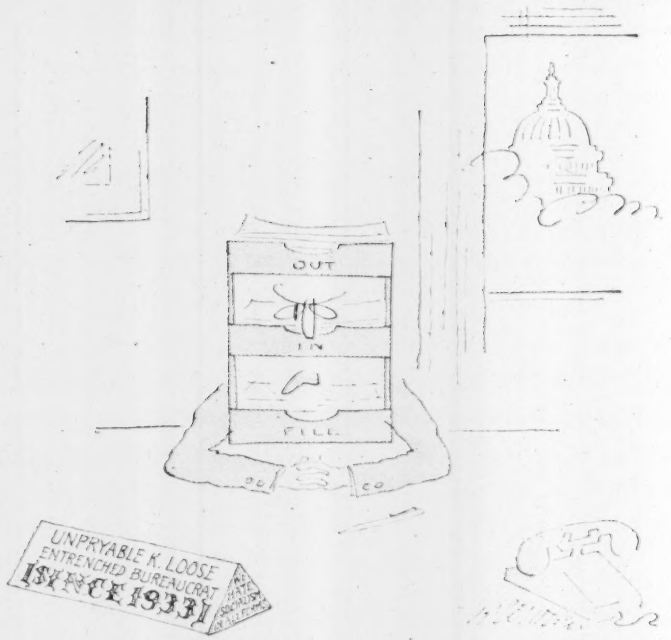
The outcome of the General Electric strike is being described as "a victory for the company." It is no less a victory for GE's employees, and for the nation. It is only James B. Carey, and his "brothers" (as they call themselves in ritual ceremonies) -in-bureaucracy, who have suffered a defeat. In that defeat as in the multiple victory, the rest of us have occasion to rejoice.

Carey's infuriated rhetoric—both the loudness and the coarseness of his tongue are legendary—is trying to project a picture of GE as a black-hearted Simon Legree, a union-busting employer crushing its starving slaves into whipped submission. No caricature could be more grotesque. It is important for other company managements as well as the public to understand that in its conduct of labor relations GE is turning the clock not back but notably forward. What happened in this encounter with the IUE is the result not of crude pigheadedness of the old Pullman and Homestead variety, but of sustained business statesmanship.

Shortly after the war, GE's management decided that it was not going to play the game that had become standard in labor relations circles. According to its accepted rules, there are three active players ("management," "labor," and "government") and three suckers (stockholders, employees, and public). "Management" pushes a phoney minimum contract onto the board. Labor calls for a phoney maximum contract. Management and labor "negotiate" furiously, with rapid-fire bulletins shot from both sides. "Government" steps in. Labor calls a phoney strike. Management "respects" the picket lines, and makes no attempt to operate. Grand Right and Left. Management, labor and government all join hands and dance in a square marked "compromise settlement." The active players get bonuses all around. Higher costs, lowered efficiency, declining profits and inflationary prices are tossed to the suckers.

The GE method has not been to refuse to negotiate or to repudiate collective bargaining, but rather to make labor relations and collective bargaining a continuous activity. Month by month, GE has acquainted its employees with the nature, problems and possibilities of the enterprise. In a sense it is continuously negotiating its successive labor contracts, in relation both to its own findings and to employee complaints and suggestions. Then, well before the date of a contract renewal, GE draws up a set of proposals stating just what it can offer on the basis of economic realities. The terms are circulated and explained to all employees.

This year's company offer, which included an immediate 3 per cent wage raise, with a second raise of 4 per cent due in 18 months, was remarkably favorable in the face of the mounting cost-price squeeze and a general business recession. The workers knew very well how favorable it was, and knew that GE wages were already at the top level of the scores of communities where GE plants are located. So in their majority the workers wanted to accept, and they opposed a strike. Carey, with the dictatorial arrogance that has become an occupational trait of labor bosses, used his control of the union's administrative apparatus to call the strike anyway. But within a few days, his members were voting against him with their feet. The Schenectady local, with 8,700 members, went back to work in a body, along with increasing percentages elsewhere. So Carey, grinding his teeth and cursing, signed up before his entire GE membership walked out on him.



"What you taxpayers fail to keep uppermost is that our government can't continue to penalize all the initiative and subsidize all the freeloading expected by a nation of this vast size and decadence, on peanuts!"

A single victory does not win a war. In this case there were special circumstances that militated in GE's favor: Carey's personal ineptitude; the presence of other unions (the IUE includes only a third of GE's employees); the psychological and economic effect of the recession and of GE's bulging inventory of appliances. Moreover, it would be an error to suppose that the GE method, which takes many years of effort and experience to bring off, can be duplicated by other managements merely by getting tough and refusing to budge. Nevertheless, the episode has proved that the acute problems posed for the economy and the nation by despotic monopoly unionism are not insoluble. In the degree that they are in fact solved, the nation as a whole, and its consumers and productive workers, will benefit.

Let's Get Not Going!

When the subject of Cuba came up during the fourth television debate, Mr. Kennedy let go with a commendable vigor and announced in effect that it should be the resolve of the United States to bring down the government of Castro and that we should be prepared to devote all appropriate means to that end. Mr. Nixon replied with words that might have come out of the mouth of Adlai Stevenson. He called Kennedy reckless, and started to invoke, as reasons for doing nothing, all those barriers to purposeful national action which he and our major statesmen of the past two decades have labored so industriously to set up. What about the UN, he roared? And the OAS? And—we might add—the FCC, CIA, TVA, NSA and ADA?

What about the USA? If the Organization of American States is incapable of meeting such a menace to the American hemisphere as is posed by the Castro government, then it is a defective diplomatic instrument, and we should withdraw from it. We must not measure policy by how snugly it conforms to diplomatic convention; we must measure conventions by how well they serve the national policy. Will Mr. Nixon tell us in the days to come, if he is to serve us as President, that we cannot take steps anywhere in the world unless we win the man-

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There Is a Difference—Back Home

While conservatives can perhaps say there is not enough difference between the stands the two Presidential candidates take, it does not follow that "there is no difference between the parties." The following table, based on the study of the Americans for Constitutional Action, gives the voting record of each United States Senator. The percentage figure indicates the degree of conservatism for the individual. Republican names are in light type, and bold type indicates a Democratic senator. We believe the table speaks for itself.

Position	*%*	*Name*	*State*	*Position*	*%*	*Name*	*State*	*Position*	*%*	*Name*	*State*
1	99	Williams	Del.	33	58	Kuchel	Cal.	65	15	**Hill**	**Ala.**
2	98	Goldwater	Ariz.	34	58	**McClellan**	**Ark.**	66	13	**Young**	**Ohio**
3	93	Butler	Md.	35	57	Scott	Pa.	67	12	**Magnuson**	**Wash.**
4	93	Hruska	Neb.	36	54	Prouty	Vt.	68	12	**Muskie**	**Maine**
5	92	Bridges	N.H.	37	53	**Talmadge**	**Ga.**	69	12	**O'Mahoney**	**Wyo.**
6	**92**	**Byrd**	**Va.**	38	51	**Jordon**	**N.C.**	70	11	**Gore**	**Tenn.**
7	91	Curtis	Neb.	39	51	Smith	Maine	71	11	**Green**	**R.I.**
8	88	Cotton	N.H.	40	45	Young	N.D.	72	11	**Kennedy**	**Mass.**
9	87	Schoeppel	Kans.	41	44	**Ellender**	**La.**	73	11	**Sparkman**	**Ala.**
10	86	Dworshak	Idaho	42	44	Wiley	Wis.	74	11	**Williams**	**N.J.**
11	84	Bennett	Utah	43	43	Case	N.J.	75	10	**Engle**	**Cal.**
12	83	Hickenlooper	Iowa	44	43	**Ervin**	**N.C.**	76	10	**Johnson**	**Texas**
13	**81**	**Lausche**	**Ohio**	45	38	**Smathers**	**Fla.**	77	10	**Proxmire**	**Wis.**
14	**81**	**Robertson**	**Va.**	46	36	Aiken	Vt.	78	8	**Mansfield**	**Mont.**
15	79	Dirksen	Ill.	47	33	**Bible**	**Nev.**	79	8	**Randolph**	**W.Va.**
16	**78**	**Thurmond**	**S.C.**	48	33	Javits	N.Y.	80	6	**Church**	**Idaho**
17	77	Martin	Iowa	49	33	**Long**	**Hawaii**	81	6	**Kefauver**	**Tenn.**
18	74	Capehart	Ind.	50	32	**Anderson**	**N.Mex.**	82	6	**Yarborough**	**Texas**
19	73	Allott	Colo.	51	30	**Kerr**	**Okla.**	83	5	**Hartke**	**Ind.**
20	73	Mundt	S.D.	52	29	**Johnston**	**S.C.**	84	5	**Morse**	**Ore.**
21	72	Keating	N.Y.	53	27	Cooper	Ky.	85	5	**Murray**	**Mont.**
22	71	Case	S.D.	54	27	**Gruening**	**Alaska**	86	4	**Clark**	**Pa.**
23	69	Saltonstall	Mass.	55	26	**Fulbright**	**Ark.**	87	4	**Moss**	**Utah**
24	67	Bush	Conn.	56	23	**Byrd**	**W.Va.**	88	4	**McCarthy**	**Minn.**
25	67	Morton	Ky.	57	23	**Dodd**	**Conn.**	89	4	**Symington**	**Mo.**
26	63	Carlson	Kans.	58	21	**Bartlett**	**Alaska**	90	3	**Hennings**	**Mo.**
27	**62**	**Eastland**	**Miss.**	59	21	**Chavez**	**N.Mex.**	91	2	**Carroll**	**Colo.**
28	**62**	**Frear**	**Del.**	60	20	**Cannon**	**Nev.**	92	1	**Humphrey**	**Minn.**
29	**61**	**Russell**	**Ga.**	61	18	**Monroney**	**Okla.**	93	1	**Jackson**	**Wash.**
30	60	Beall	Md.	62	17	**Pastore**	**R.I.**	94	0	**Hart**	**Mich.**
31	**60**	**Stennis**	**Miss.**	63	16	**Hayden**	**Ariz.**	95	0	**McGee**	**Wyo.**
32	58	**Holland**	**Fla.**	64	15	**Douglas**	**Ill.**	96	0	**McNamara**	**Mich.**

date of the nations that compose the General Assembly? Will he cavil, for fear of displeasing the cannibals of the Upper Volta, who may one day cast the critical vote in the United Nations?

Alas, we cannot count on Mr. Kennedy to translate his intuitive response to Castro's latest aggressions into effective American policy should *he* become President. Already he has been chastised by Walter Lippmann, in behalf of the brotherhood of appeasement, who has said to him, in almost as many words, "Look here Jack boy, you made a silly mistake in suggesting unilateral action, and I'm prepared to overlook it. But don't let it happen again." By the time President Kennedy's program for Cuba filters through his ideological entourage, it will come out as a program of Free Housing for all Cubans who were anti-Batista.

But it was a fine moment Senator Kennedy had.

What It Means to Be Pago Pagonese

Mr. L. K. Pollard, an official of the Ray-O-Vac company of Madison, Wisconsin, received a letter the other day from Mr. M. J. Sentor, Director of Education in American Samoa, a U.S. possession since 1899. Mr. Sentor informed Mr. Pollard that the Department of Education in Samoa was interested in sending bright students to the United States for college and graduate study in order to train them for teaching or administrative jobs upon their return to Samoa. One student from Pago Pago had received a tuition scholarship from Ripon College, Ripon, Wisconsin, but would be unable to accept it unless $1,000 could be raised to cover his travel and living expenses during his stateside schooling. (American Samoa is administered by the Department of the Interior which does not receive funds for projects of this kind.)

A foundation with which Mr. Pollard is connected was not—under its charter—able to give any assistance to the Samoan authorities, but Mr. Pollard was genuinely concerned with the problem. It occurred to him that since Wisconsin's two senators, Alexander Wiley and William Proxmire, are ardent supporters of the programs for educating Americans abroad, or foreigners here, at the expense of the federal government, they might turn their attention to the plight of the Pago Pagonese. So he wrote them.

Senator Wiley acknowledged Mr. Pollard's letter (which Senator Proxmire has not done) and wrote the State Department, too. In due course, Mr. Pollard received a letter from a Mr. John S. Hoghland, 2d, Acting Assistant Secretary for Congressional Relations, Department of State, which contained the following information:

The legislation covering the government's educational and cultural exchange programs provides funds to enable U.S. citizens to study abroad (at the graduate level) and citizens of foreign countries to study in the United States. But since the Samoans are American nationals, but not citizens, they do not come under any provision of the law. Even if granted U.S. citizenship, Mr. Hoghland points out, they would be eligible only to receive funds to study somewhere else, not in the United States.

In order to get a prepaid higher education, the Samoans would seem to be faced with two alternatives: a) lobby for U.S. citizenship, or b) (and better still), mount an independence movement, set up as a free nation under United Nations sponsorship, and then get in line behind the Republic of the Congo for U.S. educational grants.

Mr. Pollard did not deem it advisable to suggest either of these alternatives to Mr. Sentor. But he was also considerate enough not to forward to Pago Pago a hefty pamphlet Mr. Hoghland had enclosed with his letter, entitled: "Two Decades of Government-Sponsored Cultural Relations." It might have seemed the unkindest cut of all to the gentleman who had closed his initial letter with the words—"kind regards from Pago Pago."

Ignore the Girls?

In the brouhaha over the relative sartorial achievements of Jackie and Pat we think we detect a sly and humorous conceit of the public mind. Is it possible that the public, having concluded that there is naught to be gained in attempting to differentiate between Jack and Dick, has turned its attention to the tickets' better halves?

The wives of politicians have after all always exerted an influence on the public life. One thinks, happily, of Portia and of Calpurnia; of Pompadour and Du Barry, whether happily or not, one is entitled to think; of Dolly Madison and Martha Washington in the golden years of our republic; after 1932, somehow, one thinks of Lady Macbeth; certainly we think differently of Ike because of Mamie. Even when the politician's wife refrains from overt participation in public affairs (and for the highest achievement in this line we gladly applaud good Bess), still the voter learns something about the man from a look at his spouse.

For a man's public conduct cannot be other than an immensely magnified copy of his private life, and the man's spouse stands as a symbol of his private conduct. The voting public, made up for the most part of millions and millions of spouses, surely knows

that it is no small achievement for a man to woo and win a lady and then keep her happy for thirty years. It surely knows how a man's view of life expands when he undertakes to rear a virtuous child and maintain an orderly home. If there is a connection between a man's decent home life and his honorable public service, there is a still closer connection between indecent private behavior and unreliable public behavior. The mobs loved Mirabeau as much for his rhetoric as for his lechery, and both the mobs and Mirabeau got what they deserved.

We hope the American voter will continue this sane and salutary practice of admitting a man's private behavior into his calculations on Election Day.

Joseph Welch, RIP

We had meant to lay off Joseph Welch, for whom we wish eternal peace; but the obituary writers and the ideologues will not let us do so. If we let go by their rendition of the greatness of Mr. Welch, we shall have acquiesced in the launching of a myth; and one of the functions of NATIONAL REVIEW is to stand in the way of the mythmakers.

We are told that Mr. Welch's opposition to Senator McCarthy during the Army investigation was a historical act of courage. That is the sheerest nonsense. Welch was picked to do a lawyer's job. The Army could have had almost anyone it chose; indeed, almost anyone would have loved so flashy an assignment. In 1954, McCarthy was the villain, not the hero, of the ruling class, the class, *i.e.*, that most lawyers are pleased to serve. Mr. Welch was well qualified, for he had a sense of theater which matched McCarthy's own, a flair so obvious that Hollywood later put it to good use, thus giving all moviegoers great pleasure, and Mr. Welch both pleasure and profit—indeed, for Joseph Welch the collision with McCarthy turned out to be something on the order of hitting Treasure Island.

That flair caused Mr. Welch to make deftly his choice of weapons. McCarthy's voice had begun to rasp, he noted; and so he hewed the line of gentility, providing a sharp theatrical relief. On the celebrated encounter, in which Mr. Welch informed the Senator that he could never find it in his heart to forgive him the slur on the young lawyer associated with Mr. Welch's firm, we pronounce: Horsefeathers. If Mr. Welch was so sensitive to cruel visitations upon a man's character or background (McCarthy had reminded Welch that one of his own associates had belonged to the Communist-run National Lawyers Guild) he might have shown consistency by publicly identifying himself—as for instance did columnist Murray Kempton—as horrified by the excesses which were being directed against the Senator and his associates. At the time Mr. Welch expressed himself as forever unforgiving to Senator McCarthy, he was associated gladly with men who had publicly charged the Senator with taking up the cause of Cohn and Schine because of unusual sexual appetites.

We say: Welch was a good lawyer, politically deft, morally undistinguished: an entertainer, primarily. We are sorry to see him go, but his name should be remembered in our houses of entertainment, not in our tabernacles.

A Political Lexicon

Civil Rights. Certain claims to special privilege made on behalf of social minorities, with one exception: when a national minority is locally in the majority, then the claims are advanced on behalf of the local majority.

Clean Politics. Any speech not based upon fact.

Conservatism. A political philosophy placing emphasis on fiscal soundness, economic growth, human rights, civil rights, and states rights. Opposed to Liberalism (see below).

Containment. Policy of containing our military forces within predetermined geographical boundaries.

Dynamic Policy. Any policy not directly related to the matter at hand.

Farm Problem. Situation in which the federal government buys more food than it can eat. Usually blamed on farmers.

Human Being. Any poor person. Opposed to vested interests.

Human Rights. Certain claims to special privilege made on behalf of poor persons.

Liberalism. A political philosophy placing emphasis on fiscal soundness, economic growth, human rights, civil rights, and states rights. Opposed to Conservatism.

Principle. Any doctrine not likely to win approval at the polls.

Race, color, creed. A formula for testing the existence of a minority whose rights are not based on race, color, creed. The formula is not used on majorities.

Vested Interests. Property owners. Not human beings (see above).

War. Social condition in which nations use military force to achieve narrow, cowardly and unimaginative goals. Not indulged in by nations with broad, bold and dynamic (see above) goals.

W.F. RICKENBACKER

For the Record

Republicans confident they will score net gain in House no matter what happens in Presidential race....Gallup says 2 per cent more Americans undecided on Presidential contest in mid-October than in late September (Great Debates or no Great Debates)....What about size of Catholic vote? About one in four voters is a Catholic, but Catholics tend to vote more regularly than other groups; Catholics are concentrated geographically....Newspaper polls in South Carolina show voters favoring Nixon 3-1. Local Democrats bitter that Senator Strom Thurmond has not endorsed national ticket....Henry Wallace refused to endorse either candidate but gives Nixon backhand support. Kennedy victory, says Wallace, would mean 50 per cent higher food prices.... Hubert Humphrey, who was leading his Republican opponent, Kenneth Peterson, by 20 points in August, holds two-point lead in latest Minnesota straw poll.... Lyndon Johnson's new slogan, say Texans, is: "Have fence, will straddle."

The CIA, says a prominent Cuban anti-Communist exile, looks favorably on two anti-Castro groups in Florida which are infiltrated by secret Communists.... Dominican businessmen in New York predict Trujillo will fall within six months; claim he will be replaced by violently anti-U.S. regime....U.S. firms in Venezuela fear Communist coup there; many studying problem of withdrawal.

Chiang Kai-shek had planned to fly to New York to address General Assembly. Decided not to when Quemoy, Matsu became campaign issue on grounds he did not want to interfere in U.S. domestic politics....At Chicago meeting of SANE (nuclear disarmament outfit) resolution was adopted stating no agreement on cessation of tests would be effective without "People's China." ....Chairman McCone of Atomic Energy Commission says he can think of no reason for recent major explosions in Soviet Union which Russia has described as "chemical explosions." McCone hints they could be nuclear tests. A second AEC member feels sure they are.

Muckracking? Governor Nelson Rockefeller pulled up first load of dirt in Hudson River bridge-building ceremony.

Memo:

From our Harlem Correspondent

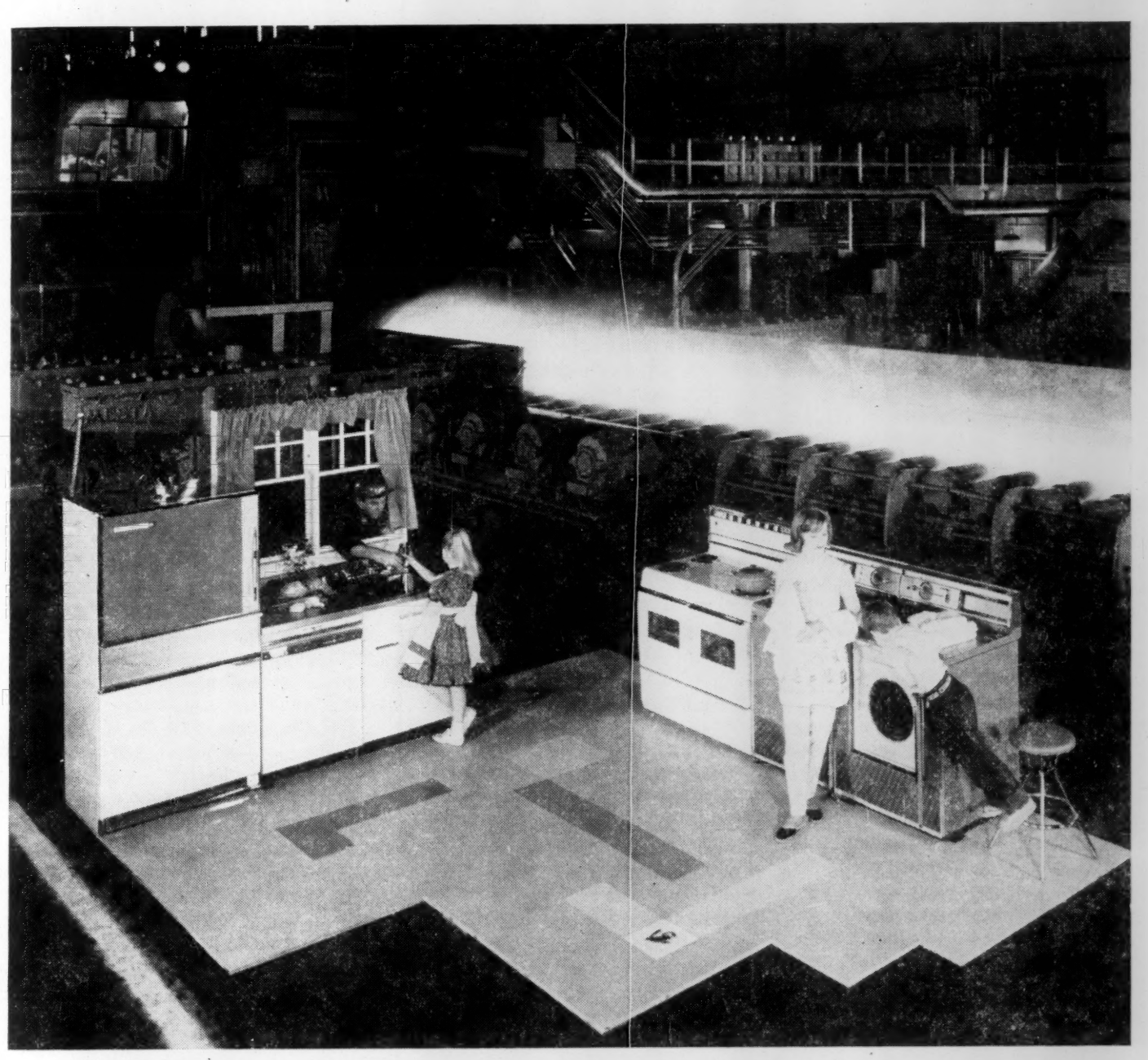
Harlem's Hotel Theresa, rapidly replacing Arden House's American Assembly as a High Policy forum, was recently the scene of still another pilgrimage. While a cadre of Elijah Muhammad's black Muslims (a kind of Koon Klux Klan) hawked their leader's wares among the spectators, Robert Wagner, Soapy Williams, Carmine De Sapio, Billy Eckstine, Averell Harriman, Hulan Jack, and (to be sure) Mrs. Roosevelt made the scene to do honor unto both the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr. and Senator John F. Kennedy, in that order. Although the latter pilgrim was officially there to address a hastily-gathered affair called "Senator John F. Kennedy's National Conference of Constitutional Rights and American Freedom," the Senator's real purpose was to anchor down the Harlem vote. But after Castro, Khrushchev, Nehru, Kadar, Nasser and Tito, not to mention Cabot Lodge, who had a few nights before promised a Negro in the Cabinet, Senator Jack's appearance at the Theresa was something of an anti-climax, and the show was all Powell's.

The Reverend never disappoints a crowd turned out to hear its spiritual leader in action. Alternately thundering at and sweet-talking his audience, Adam Powell gave the kind of performance that only he can give. The crux of his case was that Dick Nixon had failed to repudiate an endorsement by the Florida Ku Klux Klan, and had voted against FEPC, federal housing, and raising the minimum wage. But what really got Adam's goat was a document he had unearthed—"Don't ask me how. I got it"—purporting to be a restrictive covenant in which Dick and Pat Nixon promised not to sell their house to a "Negro or any member of the Semitic race, including Armenians, Jews, Hebrews, Syrians and Persians." (No Medes?)

Denouncing "Dick" as The Great Pretender, Powell sat down to a big hand all around. Jack then introduced his wife, who had been primed with a few pleasant inanities including something in Spanish about *"mi esposo."* After Adam Clayton Powell (not to mention Fidel Castro), neither Jacqueline nor Jack—who discussed Emerging Africa, American Prestige, and New Frontiers —looked very exciting. The one bright spot in the candidate's remarks was a sententious *gaffe* having to do with how many children in Africa were named after Adam Clayton Powell, which drew chuckles all around. (The Reverend has quite a rep as a Lothario.) Tripping down from the platform, Kennedy was off for another short stop in Harlem, a few blocks down from the Theresa, where he sat in with Harry Belafonte. (At no time was there any sign of Kennedy campaign adviser Sammy Davis Jr.)

Meanwhile, back at the plantation, Billy Eckstine regaled the audience with "People [*sic*] All Work on the Mis-sis-sippi." There was somewhat more enthusiasm for "Mr. B." in Harlem than there was for Kennedy —who will, if he does carry Harlem, be heavily in debt to Adam Powell (a most Imperious Wizard, De Luxe Plan).

Q.



but she set the production record

The hot strip mill at J & L's Cleveland Works rolls out orange-hot slabs of steel at the rate of over 5,000 tons a day. That's enough steel to make 40,000 refrigerators, 45,000 ranges, 50,000 clothes dryers, or 80,000 dishwashers. Quite a production tally for those men up in the control booth...

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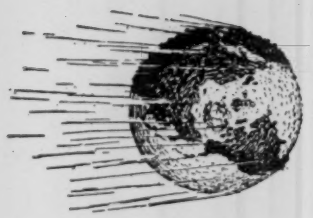


At the Crack of Khrushchev's Whip

JAMES BURNHAM

Patrice Lumumba proves to have nine political lives, like a political cat—a jungle cat, of course. He falls, drops, or is thrown, time and again, from his swaying vine, but he always lands on his feet.

How can this be? Lumumba is Moscow's Man in the Congo, is he not? The UN, Dag Hammarskjold commanding, is in charge of the Congo, isn't it? The UN entered the Congo to preserve independence, peace, neutrality . . . to prevent its becoming "a pawn in the Cold War." St. George UN thwarted the Red Dragon from gobbling up the Congo, drove out the Dragon's agents. The Dragon smoked and roared at UN headquarters, demanded Dag's head. . . . So, at any rate, goes the story they tell around the TV campfires.

NATIONAL REVIEW, which is often compelled to prick these popular fancies with a spoilsport pin, explained a good many weeks ago how the UN and its Secretary General, though seemingly locked in bitter battle with Moscow, were at the same time being exploited by Moscow as tools. "Even granted the best will in the world on the part of the UN secretariat," we wrote, "the UN mode of intervention could not avoid aiding Lumumba."

Marriage of Convenience

1. Patrice Lumumba has indeed been Moscow's man: not that there is a total commitment either on his part or Moscow's, but in the very practical sense that each has seen the other as the best bet under the circumstances. Lumumba judged Communist support to be his surest boost to a consolidation of his own power. The Communists, reciprocally, judged Lumumba an easy, though by no means indispensable, channel for the penetration of Central Africa.

Thus, the terms for a marriage of convenience have been present. In the Congo itself, in the UN and on a world scale, the Communists have given Lumumba every sort of aid: arms, pilots, trucks, planes, technicians, money, propagandists, and a diplomatic barrage. Lumumba, from his side, appointed Party agents as ministers and aides. He consulted with the Soviet and Czech missions until these temporarily withdrew. The letters discovered in his briefcase during his three-hour arrest by Mobutu—only one of them (the letter from Nkrumah) published in this country, though the text of all of them was printed in Léopoldville—prove that he has been collaborating deliberately with the Kremlin.

2. It is a fact that the UN operations have aided Lumumba. The UN accepted Lumumba as the legitimate ruler. His prestige was polished by a triumphal personal reception at UN headquarters. In the field, UN help was poured through him. He was allowed to distribute the UN food and money, and to "confiscate" UN planes. And his opponents, in particular Moise Tshombe, were prevented from building independent political bases.

After the break between Lumumba and President Kasavubu and the subsequent attempt of Mobuto—a nationalist, but Christian and friendly to the West—to set up an emergency regime based on his army and the college-graduate commission, the UN's Lumumba-bias continued. Lumumba would have disappeared long ago if he had not been protected, physically and politically, by the UN troops and policies. He would have been arrested, sentenced, quite probably executed, perhaps eaten for breakfast by his opponents. Or he would have been assassinated—indeed, it is a foolish, or cowardly, oversight on the part of his opponents that he has not been. The UN guard's bias was openly symbolized by its habit of intervening physically to protect Lumumba and his followers from assault, but standing quietly aside while they carried out their mayhems on others. The UN guard, usually of Ghanaian and Guinean troops, gave Lumumba sanctuary, allowed him to continue political activity, confounded his enemies, while supporting his friends (like Kamikatu), and enabled him to prepare his comeback.

Hammarskjold and Lumumba

But why has the UN acted so, on behalf of Moscow's man, Lumumba?

3. Lumumba's political party (the Congolese National Party) is the only one in the Congo that professes (not altogether accurately) to stand on a non-tribal foundation for a non-tribal, centralized, "modern" nation. This immediately makes Lumumba and the CNP the choice of all the progressive ideologues of the UN, the Western nations (including the United States), and the native African Liberators. You have got to have a "modern nation," don't you, these days, not a federation that would take tribal divisions into account? Even though, it seems, a federation might be far better adapted both to the realities of the region and the interests of the West. And maybe Lumumba can be bought.

4. Most leaders of the ex-colonial countries, and especially the more strenuous African leaders—Nkrumah, Touré, Nasser, Mboya—look on Lumumba as the symbol of Congolese anti-colonialism, Liberation, etc.; and almost all of these leaders are suspicious of, when not actively hostile to, the great Western powers. Now these attitudes, combined with the shrewdly focused Communist billingsgate, bring it about that Dag Hammarskjold's political fate has become intertwined with Patrice Lumumba's. Dag can prove his "neutrality," can demonstrate to his UN constituents that he is not, as Khrushchev shouted, "a tool of the West," only if Patrice Lumumba comes out on top in the Congo.

As an addendum, let us observe that for the West the correct political alternative to this road to defeat was, as NATIONAL REVIEW pointed out at the beginning, firm support to Moise Tshombe, and the construction of a federated Congolese nation around Katanga plus southern Kasai as center of gravity. But this would have required "unilateral action outside the framework of the UN"? Quite.

Mass Plutocracy

Nobody knows how to be poor any more, the author observes. It isn't wealth, but the preoccupation with it, that is denaturing the American character.

RICHARD M. WEAVER

In the course of some rambling about the country, and in response to the generally deteriorating news from the various political fronts, I have been moved to ask more than once, What *is* the matter?

My deepest suspicion is that the American people as a whole have now adopted (or perhaps it would be fairer to them to say they have been given) the qualities and the outlook of a plutocracy. Plutocracy is defined in its root meaning as the rule by those having wealth. Interpreted slightly, it means rule through the power of money. Some nations have at some stages in their history been ruled by classes whose chief claim to distinction was their wealth. The character of this kind of rule is viewed very skeptically by classical political science. When Solon was forced to undertake the reform of the Athenian state, things having arrived at an impasse, one of the significant steps he took was to ban luxury. He did not try to make everyone equally opulent; his reform was in the direction of insisting upon a certain plainness of life even among those who had it to spend. Luxury, we infer, he regarded as something politically harmful. His idea was to press down from the top, so that there would be no examples of extravagance and high living to excite the emulation of the commonalty.

The solution of our political wise men is precisely the contrary of Solon's. It is to make everyone a plutocrat and to enable everyone to engage in the display of luxury. They begin at the other end, not with the tempering of desire, but with the satisfaction and even the artificial inflation of desire. A principle that was inherited from Greece and was spiritualized by Christianity has been thrown to the winds. Evidently we are in a new world.

In looking for the root of our trouble, let us remember that a rich man is not necessarily a plutocrat. Plutocratism is a state of mind and a moral outlook which in the past some men of wealth have evinced and some have not. A man of wealth need not be plutocratic in his thinking. The plutocrat is distinguished not by the possession of money but by belief in its talismanic power. To him money is the axis on which the world turns. He trusts it to bring security and happiness almost automatically. And trusting in it this way, he believes that little if anything else is needed. We must be clear upon the point that some men of wealth are too intelligent to be plutocratic in their outlook, whereas men of little wealth and little sense may easily be so. The existence of individuals of large private means can be a good thing for society, and even a few genuine plutocrats may do no very extensive harm. But the situation changes when the mentality of a whole society, from top to bottom, becomes plutocratic.

Postwar Delusion

There are many signs to show that the plutocratic mentality has spread tremendously in this country since the Second World War. Unless I misread the evidence here is the greatest danger to the American nation today. Its values and judgments, from the millionaire at the top to the little fellow at the bottom who is struggling to meet his monthly payments to the loan company, are to a large extent tinctured with plutocratism. This fact alone explains many of the discouraging aspects of our foreign and domestic politics.

The evil may well have begun at the top, for the most marked symptoms of a virulent plutocratism appear in our foreign aid programs. Since the Second World War, in one form and another, and often in response to statesmanlike-sounding appeals and propaganda campaigns and fanfare we have poured out many billions of dollars. It has gone all over the world, for this and for that, and the defense has been that it is buying peace and security. My complaint is not against the sacrifice to Americans, but against the main strand of thinking which seems to underlie the great donation.

Almost the whole of the lend-and-give-away program looks unmistakably like the reverie of the plutocrat, who feels sure that money will do all, so that the harder ways of effecting ends need not be bothered with. Money has been thrown up as a barrier against military menace and ideological penetration. Look at it as you will, the governing assumption has been that we can win friends and make the indifferent love us by the inducement of money. Now it is perfectly true that loans, subsidies, and bribes have from ancient times been used effectively in diplomacy and war. They have been used to buy neutrality, to equip allies in need, to supply the sinew for struggle where that was wanting. But in practically all cases these were specific grants for specific purposes, which could be noted as fulfilled or not. It was hardheaded policy, which got the respect that hardheadedness receives in business and war.

Now the giving seems to be in the spirit of largesse. The money is bestowed not for doing something, but for doing nothing. It is conceived as a sort of blanket pacifier. Often the claim to the benefit is regarded not as something to be earned but as a right existing initially. The old axioms of statecraft that there is no such thing as gratitude between nations (*n.b.* Russia and China today fifteen years after their rescue from the Germans and the Japanese), that

you cannot buy friends though you may buy services and that the real safety of a nation lies in its ability to command respect and not in its ability to buy off robbers and blackmailers have been surrendered in favor of the plutocratic delusion. A clique of post-New Dealers and New Republicans with great means at its disposal but out of touch with history, and therefore with reality, has inaugurated a new mode of insuring the nation's safety.

It is frightening to realize how many of our policies of the most important and far-reaching kind are being predicated upon a thinking which is thus narrow. Most of the "aid" phase of our foreign effort is based upon the supposition, and tends to further encourage at home the supposition, that if we will but feed, house, and clothe the world, the world will become amiable, and we will not even have problems to worry about. Of the exponents of this type of thinking Nelson Rockefeller seems to be the most fatuous. Now he has broached a scheme for an Inter-American Housing Authority, the object of which will be to provide every Latin American with decent housing in the North American sense. This is being put forward as a foundation for hemispheric solidarity. It is the politics of subsidy again, without the necessary element of knowledge and realism. Some years ago Professor William S. Stokes wrote a remarkable article entitled "The Drag of the Pensadores" in which he demonstrated that the reason the Latin American countries are behind the United States industrially is not that they are too poor or too illiterate or too unstable politically; it is simply that industrialism does not consort with the way of life which cultivated Latin Americans—who are among the most cultivated people in the world—envisage as the best for man. The whole trend and emphasis of their culture is in more aesthetic, more hedonistic directions. There is no assurance in history that industrialism and its kind of prosperity would make them any happier or any more inclined to love us. I think of the expression of *wantlessness* which I once saw in Mexico on the face of a peasant in from the hills. There is dignity in that too. And I think of what Japan did with industrialism about fifty years after the Western nations had made her an almost enforced gift of it.

Some while ago I was discussing a problem not unrelated to this with a college professor, and a professor of English, of all people. Without flourish or ado, he injected into the discussion this question: "Can you think of any business class in history which has ever tried to do anything except pay off when it felt itself threatened?" The question came like a judgment. When I tried, I could not think of such a class, though I muttered something about not everything having been seen yet and the possibility that businessmen too could be educated. But the evidence was on the other side—the mass give-away programs of the last decade and a half, and on the domestic front the timidity of businessmen about putting up any kind of theoretical opposition to creeping socialization. Let the state take its 52 per cent of the profits, the mood seems to be; we can live with that sort of arrangement and still have a good bit left. The thought that a government which takes 52 per cent of the profits is in effect a 52 per cent owner is not raised in the form of an issue of principle.

Political Thought Excluded

All of this is connected with the way in which at home issues have been withdrawn from politics. The revealing character of the plutocratic mentality is that it avoids like the plague solutions which require other than plutocratic thinking. It is a very current complaint, needing no reiteration here, that there are no longer any real differences between the two major parties. The old clashes over substantive alternatives are no more; both parties are so nearly for the same things that the voter looking for a reason for his choice is lucky if he can find as much as a distinction of emphasis. The explanation is that both parties are now dominated by a plutocratic element (and this is the element which was so anxious to get rid of Taft) which has insisted upon retiring these matters from discussion so that both can try to win the electorate by the plutocratic method of bribery; that is, by promising every group everything right out of the federal treasury. What is being done on the international scene is thus being done on the domestic scene in other forms and guises. The sclerosis which has attacked political thinking and traditional party controversy has its origin in the belief that if enough money is offered, people will be placated, and this is the new science of politics.

I have many times read newspaper articles about candidates, frequently hundreds of words in length and obviously intended to describe and introduce the candidate to the public, in which there was not a single phrase to indicate what the man stood for or believed in. His parentage, his children, his education, his lodge membership, his hobbies, and perhaps his nominal Republican or Democratic affiliation, but as for what the man thought positively about policy in these days of complexity and crisis—nothing. As far as one could infer from the story, the writer considered that an irrelevance. Or perhaps he merely thought it would be boring to the readers. And indeed political candidates today are of the faceless type. A stencil has been prepared. The candidate must be "youthful" (why not older and presumably wiser?), handsome or at least personable (what has happened to the unhandsome, gnarled, or hardbitten type, whose very angularity of feature was thought to express character and firmness of conviction?), "forward-looking" (toward what?), and "liberal" or at least "moderate," which is the utmost concession made toward recognizing a conservatism of principle. It is an empty type, far more suggestive of the entertainment world than of that world where life and death problems furrow brows and through which geniality is not the passkey. Small wonder the writer of the story does not ask him his politics; it would be like asking a popular band leader to declare himself in the midst of a program. The plutocratic mind is not looking for issues, and the politician can not afford to be a square.

The most insidious inroads of the plutocratic habit of mind, however, are in the world of education. Increasingly we have been propagandized to the effect that money is the cure-all for what ails our schools. Bigger and more elaborate plants, higher salaries, and more gadgetry

seem to spell for educators and politicians alike the remedy for what are quite serious educational shortcomings. Now this has its evil fruit in the campaign to put education on the federal payroll. Once there, the problems of the educationists, as they visualize them, will be solved, for it will be impossible ever to get it off again. People have got to realize that federal aid to education is inevitable, one educator recently remarked smugly in a public address, because only the federal government has adequate taxing power. There we are in on a secret. The fact that a proliferation of what are called facilities is already in many instances getting in the way of true educational accomplishment makes no impression upon these brethren. Education too has learned how to featherbed.

Education's Purpose Missed

The same tendencies are showing up in the thinking of students, for it is no longer the style to look upon the period of education as a time when the body lives abstemiously so that the mind can be active. Recently an official of the University of Texas declared that while it would be possible to plan for a university that would accommodate 40,000 students, it would not be possible to plan for one that would accommodate 40,000 automobiles. Recently also I saw a study made in a high school showing the correlation between academic performance and ownership of or access to an automobile. The correspondence was perfect; the students who had little or no access to an automobile made the highest marks; those who had one at their disposal made the lowest, with the intermediate marks being distributed *pro rata.*

Then one thinks of the time much less than a century ago when in the colleges, and in the academies too, the students rose at six o'clock, made their own fires, washed in cold water, and marched off to face a curriculum composed of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, with English and history as the lighter subjects, and one begins to smell rottenness again. The idea that Mark Hopkins at one end of a pine bench and a student at the other can constitute a university is not part of the plutocratic consciousness.

Thus the educators are beginning at the wrong end just as are our social engineers. It used to be axiomatic that education concerns what inheres in the mind and the personality. The relationship of things to these was incidental and peripheral. The purpose of education was acknowledged to be the enlargement of the capacities of the individual, for which some discipline, self-regulation, and even self-denial were considered necessary. Now considered necessary is a mounting pile of things which obscure the true role of education as a regimen. Qualities may be a source of discomfiture in that they remind us that we do not have them or do not have them in enough measure. But it is treason to the very idea of education to be complacent toward the pupil as he is. I realize that much of this has come in via the road of progressive education, but not a little can be blamed upon the accumulation of material comforts and the belief that these somehow ought to take the pain out of education. Students have been encouraged to feel that there are many things of the material kind which have a rightful claim to large allocations of their attention. My simple query is, what can be the fate of discipline and concentration in these circumstances? The flabbiness which has overtaken so much of our cultural life has its source in the neglect of those matters which appertain most closely to character. Character develops in response to inner and outer checks, and a check is always in the form of a negative. But in the new climate of yea-saying to all wants, negatives are not popular.

"Well, it's no crime to be poor," I heard a lady observe a good many years ago. This proposition is now definitely dated. Only lately I saw in a leading woman's magazine an article which was one long commiseration with the people of the Southern mountains because their annual income is considerably below the national average. The author was going all out to be friendly and sympathetic, but it was evident that the crime of the Southern hillmen was being relatively poor, and of course something must be done about crime! When I thought of the traditional qualities of these people—their pride and independence, their dislike of being beholden to anyone and especially to the government, their sturdy love of country, their contempt for danger, and the contributions they have made to our martial history from Davy Crockett to Alvin York—and then thought of what he wanted to do to them, I felt a sense of outrage. The intention was well-meaning but the assumption was blind; a saccharine plutocratic Liberalism was out to conquer one of our last strongholds of virility and individualism. Jacob Burckhardt, who discerned in the nineteenth century so many things which have grown to plague us in the twentieth, summed it up this way: "Nobody knows how to be poor any more."

The Economic Obsession

It is odd how in these plutocratic dreams both at home and abroad we seem to have assimilated unconsciously one or more of the premises of our great enemy. Philosophically the most basic tenet of the Communists is that economic activity is the primary activity; ideas and institutions are little more than epiphenomena, bubbles cast up by the stream of economic process. Therefore all effective thinking about human affairs starts from this and in fact never leaves it. Any event is referable to an underlying economic situation, and is indeed contained by it and explained through it. Consequently if we attend to economic wants, all other things will be given to us. Our only difference is that we say capitalism, with the aid of a lot of state management, can achieve the same goal. The difference for the Soviets is that they have their perverted idealism to give them a perverse strength. They are not surfeited with goods, and the prospect of their world crusade produces tonicity instead of flabbiness.

The question becomes one of survival. The choice lies between assuming that a plethora of goods will prepare a nation for victory in struggle, and assuming that the development of qualities—what the Romans comprehended in their word *virtus*—is not and never will be dispensable. The oracles of secular Liberalism and statism have concluded that the simple broadcast of wealth is the answer to life's challenges. Our mas-

(Continued on p. 290)

Letter from London

Britain and the Bomb

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

If I were an American with a moment to spare from the Presidential elections, I'm sure I should be feeling considerably worried about recent events in Britain. The most spectacular of these events was, of course, the Labor Party conference. It seems to mean that Britain's Opposition Party, the alternative government which might theoretically come into power at any time has declared for immediate unilateral nuclear disarmament and the abolition of American bases; an alarming enough prospect in all conscience. It isn't actually as bad as that. For one thing, the Party conference cannot commit the Parliamentary Labor Party, and the majority of Labor Members of Parliament are certainly not "unilateralists." And the decisions of the Party conference are themselves arrived at in a very odd way. The results are determined by "block votes" wielded by the trade union leaders in proportion to the size of their unions. Which way the block vote shall be cast has itself already been decided by small groups of trade union politicians meeting in secret: the members are not consulted. So the real significance of this unilateralist vote remains highly doubtful.

What cannot be in doubt is its shattering effect on the Labor Party as a political entity. The quarrel about nuclear weapons is only one aspect of the great rift which has now unmistakably appeared: a rift between the Marxist side of the Party and those who are merely Social Democrats. No single party can honestly contain such incompatible elements. And no party which tries to do so can possibly be fit to govern. People have begun to realize this.

But, though the Socialists' chance of power is still receding most satisfactorily, this kind of performance is undeniably worrying. Nor is it an isolated phenomenon. When NATO Supreme Commander General Norstad tried to address a meeting in Coventry, he was howled down by hooligans shouting "Ban the bomb" slogans and stamping their feet on the floor. Only a few days before, that elderly *enfant terrible,* Bertrand Russell, announced a campaign of civil disobediance in favor of nuclear disarmament.

How serious is all this? How widespread is the pacifism or fellow traveling or sheer woolly thinking which the agitators are trying to exploit? I can't tell you. Nobody knows. But there are pointers.

The Working Man's View

We can be sure, I think, that the cause of nuclear disarmament is in no sense a spontaneous working class movement. In many ways the British working class stands to the right, not only of the left-wing Socialists, but of the left-wing conservatives. Your typical British working man heartily supported the government over Suez; has no wish to grant equality to Africans, and retains an old-fashioned prejudice in favor of keeping Britain powerful. In a recent poll of working class newspaper readers, over 90 per cent wanted to keep nuclear weapons as long as Russia had them, and a sizable number wanted to keep them even if Russia abandoned them.

Many trade unionists are very worried about the use to which the block vote system is being put. Frank Cousins, the arch-unilateralist, seems more interested in power politics than in down-to-earth trade union affairs: and his politics are not theirs. During a holiday in Yugoslavia he expressed his admiration for the Yugoslav system of nationalization, which means state ownership of every business employing more than five people. Not many of the members of his own union would want that.

In the London district of St. Pancras, I saw last month the worst rioting I have ever seen in England, with cars overturned, barricades, police baton charges and broken heads. The organizers were Communists and professional agitators. But it had nothing to do with banning the bomb. It was a protest against an attempt to reduce the subsidy enjoyed by tenants of council-owned apartments. The mob was young and ugly; this was the bad side of the British working class; but it was specifically not the sort of mob that marches regularly to the rocket base at Aldermaston. The St. Pancras rent rioters would have felt entirely out of place among the schoolmasters and students, the beards and the blue jeans.

The danger comes, then, not from any broad-based feeling among the British people but from a nucleus of Marxist politicians and agitators working inside a large amorphous group of left-inclined intellectuals. Here we find the playwrights of the dustbin school, the critics who sign petitions in favor of Castro's Cuba, the boycotters of South African goods; and, surrounding this group again, an even wider, woolier brand of middle-class anti-Americanism.

The whole movement is a *trahison des clercs,* for reasoned argument finds very little place there. It is an emotional, a sentimental movement, born of idealistic frustration and impelled by simple fear; and the fear is perhaps the most respectable part of it in an island as vulnerable as Britain.

It happens that the problem of nuclear weapons is one of the very few subjects on which Hugh Gaitskell talks unexceptionable sense. Ironically, it looks like the subject which will destroy him. But, as the Colonial Secretary said at the Tory conference, "The Socialists may scheme, and the Liberals may dream, but we have work to do." We are dealing here not merely with a party squabble but with the security of Britain; and ineluctably connected with the security of Britain is the security of the Western Alliance as a whole.

What are the prospects? Not too bad, I think. Genuine conservatives may fret at the Tory Government's sins of commission and omission but Harold Macmillan remains, in Randolph Churchill's phrase, "very much on our side." And, thanks to Mr. Cousins and his friends, the Tory Government should be in power a long while.

The Hundred Days are Here Again!

It's Kennedy, in a landslide. And the New Frontiersmen are on the move. Want a job? They're up for auction, what are we bid?

ROBERT SCHUCHMAN

ANNOUNCER: *Ladies and gentlemen, we are privileged to present tonight the event which will determine the course of America's future in the years to come. As he promised the American people on the eve of his election last month, President-elect Kennedy will inaugurate the Era of the New Frontier by selecting the men who will constitute his cabinet according to the principles of true social democracy—the great principles of true social democracy—the great principles of Lincoln, Bryan and Chester Bowles.*

We can see many hundreds of courageous Frontiersmen here in the Grand Ballroom of the Conrad Hilton. Our new President is about to be introduced by the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. We now take you to the rostrum, where Senator Jackson is speaking. . . .

JACKSON: . . . and in the immortal words of Franklin Roosevelt: "We must be on our way!" And now, here is the moment we have all been waiting for. Without further ado, I give you the next President of the United States, John F. Kennedy.

KENNEDY: Thank you, Senator Jackson, for your fine introduction. Americans, we stand on the launching pad of a New Frontier. With unity and purpose, we may find the courage to conquer disease, poverty, pluralism and drift. Security, not opportunity, is the pressing need of our time. We must find the men who can best inspire our nation to great heights of sacrifice. The good will not suffice: only the best will do. This truly is a time for greatness.

Will the candidates for Secretary of Agriculture please come forward?

ANNOUNCER: *Former Secretary Charles F. Brannan has just leapt upon the stage, closely followed by Governors Docking of Kansas and Loveless of Iowa.*

KENNEDY: Let us roll on to the New Frontier. Gentlemen, what am I bid for the post of Secretary of Agriculture?

DOCKING: I bid 80 per cent of parity!

KENNEDY: What! Do you want to destroy the family farmer? How can the tiller of the soil maintain his self-reliance with destructive lack of interference like that?

LOVELESS: I bid 90 per cent of parity!

DOCKING: I bid 100 per cent of parity!

BRANNAN: Gentlemen, gentlemen, you have not faced up to the issue. It is the selfish unwillingness of the urban masses, in their savage disregard for the just interests of the farmer, to consume a fair and equitable quantity of food which has created the present plight. I propose that each citizen be allocated a required food consumption quota.

KENNEDY: Sold to Mr. Brannan! I feel confident that under your inspired leadership, the family farmer may once again become the backbone of the American economy.

And now, who will bid for Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare?

Down with Traumas

ANNOUNCER: *Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan is ascending to the stage, closely followed by Mr. Oscar Ewing of New York, and the noted expert on Soviet affairs, Mr. Walter Reuther of Detroit.*

EWING: Mr. President, I bid a plan for national relief, a plan which will win the eternal war against poverty, hunger and work. In all of our welfare plans to date, the underprivileged have been forced to undergo the psychological trauma which results from the belief that other people are supporting them. We must rescue them from this dangerous trauma.

I bid that all recipients of relief shall be entitled to a sum which will be 25 per cent higher than the median income of those fortunate enough to be taxpayers. This is to compensate these unfortunate victims of a society which puts a greater premium upon work than upon need.

REUTHER: This is fine for the unemployed, but how will it help us catch up with the Russians? We must not ignore the field of education. We must surpass them on every front. In the Soviet Union, 98 per cent of the engineers graduated from the universities are fully conversant in Russian. We must match and surpass them. By 1967, 99.7 per cent of *our* engineers must speak Russian.

How, Mr. President, are we to do all this? I bid a National Education Recovery Administration. Teachers will be invited to write their own ticket. Tuition will be set democratically—by the student body. But, most important of all, academic freedom must be preserved! I propose that all teachers, students and school board members be required to take a *Dis*loyalty Oath, as evidence of their devotion to academic freedom and the tradition of dissent!!

ANNOUNCER: *The audience has again broken out into loud applause, this time led by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the First Lady of the Galaxy, who has just made an inconspicuous appearance.*

WILLIAMS: Mr. President, with due regard for the fine proposal of Mr. Ewing, I would like to withdraw my bid and throw my support to my colleague from Michigan, who has just offered this breathtaking and courageous plan. I will settle for Secretary of Labor.

KENNEDY: Sold to the highest bidder —Mr. Reuther, our next Secretary!

Now, the post of Secretary of the Treasury is up for auction.

ANNOUNCER: *The noted economist, Dr. Paul Samuelson, is approaching the stage. He is followed by the prolific novelist, Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, and the famous American humorist, Mr. Leon Keyserling.*

SAMUELSON: I bid 5 per cent growth each year!

KENNEDY: Come, come now, Paul, that won't get us to the New Frontier!

KEYSERLING: Well, Jack, I mean, Mr. President, I bid 10 per cent growth.

SAMUELSON: I bid 12 per cent growth —and with no rise in prices.

KENNEDY: Now, gentlemen, we can't catch up with the Russians until 1970 at that rate!

KEYSERLING: I bid 25 per cent growth —and a cut in taxes!

A Liberal's Hour

GALBRAITH: My dear friends, I must interrupt you in order to stop this restatement of the Tradition of Despair. We who search for a New Frontier must depart from the Conventional Wisdom. We must advance from the Monetary Illusion of our predecessors and remove the shackles of supply and demand which have hindered effective economic planning in the past.

I bid, as an interim measure, a growth rate of 50 per cent a year, with stable prices, annual tax cuts and an annual budget surplus to retire the national debt. This program may be expensive—as progress is always expensive—and it will call for courage and sacrifice. But continued growth will pay for the program, and in the end it will cost us nothing—because we owe it to ourselves!

KENNEDY: What brilliant economic statesmanship! The post of Secretary of the Treasury goes to Professor Galbraith. As a consolation prize, Mr. Keyserling will be appointed Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board.

ANNOUNCER: *A scream has just been heard from the audience, ladies and gentlemen! It has been announced that Senator Byrd has just cut his throat!*

KENNEDY: And now, my fellow Americans, the most important post in my new administration must be filled. We must find a new helmsman for the Department of State. Under the previous administration, Cold War borders remained the same, under a static and sterile foreign policy. By contrast, under the dynamic statesmanship of President Truman, millions of square miles changed hands. We must return to dynamic forward-looking principles.

Will the bidders for the office of Secretary of State please come forward?

ANNOUNCER: *Congressman Chester A. Bowles of Connecticut is approaching the stage, closely followed by a surprise entry, Senator Thomas Dodd, also from Connecticut. It appears that they are the only contenders for the post—but—just a moment, ladies and gentlemen. There is a disturbance in the hall and—my goodness!*

This is spectacular, ladies and gentlemen! Thousands of doves are now flying into the ballroom! They are pulling a huge golden chariot, and the aroma of incense fills the hall. The chariot is carrying—yes, ladies and gentlemen—it is carrying ADLAI STEVENSON*!!!!*

Governor Stevenson is dressed in the official uniform of the Indian Congress Party. He is also wearing the fez given to him for this occasion by President Sekou Touré. The Governor is now tossing olive branches to the wildly cheering throng, as he progresses to the stage. He has just dismounted, and is being kissed and embraced by the First Lady of the Galaxy. This is just magnificent.

We now return you to the rostrum, where the President is speaking.

Stevensonian Coup

KENNEDY: Welcome to you all. Now, who will make the first bid?

DODD: I bid that we strengthen our defensive alliances throughout the world, that we attempt to counter Communist propaganda everywhere with a Crusade for Truth, and that we plan a liberation of . . .

(*Interrupted.*)

KENNEDY: (*Aghast.*) Brinkmanship!!!

STEVENSON: (*Banging his shoe on the table.*) Disqualified, disqualified! He wants to win! He wants to win!

BOWLES: If we are to return to sanity, I bid that we give away Formosa!

STEVENSON: (*Excited.*) Well, Chet, I bid that we give away Berlin!

BOWLES: I bid that we gave away *all* of Asia—except India, of course. She is too valuable an ally.

STEVENSON: (*More excited.*) I bid we give away Western Europe!

BOWLES: I bid we give away Africa.

STEVENSON: (*Jumping up and down.*) I bid we give away—America!!!

ANNOUNCER: *A tumult of cheering, applauding and dancing has broken out here in the ballroom. President Kennedy is gavelling for order, while Congressman Bowles congratulates Governor Stevenson. The New Frontier team is assembling on the platform, and the strains of "Happy Days Are Here Again" may be heard from afar. President Kennedy is now approaching the microphone.*

KENNEDY: We have liberated ourselves from the past—we are ready to proceed to the New Frontier. We have abandoned the party of Aaron Burr, Simon Legree and Daddy Warbucks. The Economic Royalists have been cast out from the temple. A new era has begun.

Tonight, we face the past with confidence, and the future with Tito, Sukarno and Lumumba.

I close with the words of our beloved and divine founder: "WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR—BUT THE NEW FRONTIER!"

Invictus, 1960

Whenever I become depressed
About my Presidential quest,
I turn (aghast) from Gallup polls
To Galbraith, Schlesinger
and Bowles.

When opposition runners tweak
My wife, because she's ultra chic,
There's nothing that I know consoles
Like Galbraith, Schlesinger
and Bowles.

When they, in jowly vowels, hoot
Unpleasantly at father's loot,
I thank the Harvard bell that tolls
For Galbraith, Schlesinger
—and Bowles.

WILLIAM VON DREELE

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Age of Modulation Presents its Great Debate

WHO sows the wind shall reap the *whirlwind*. In this election of 1960, which takes place in as dark an hour as the Republic has ever seen, we are paying the price for decades of progressive decay of civic and intellectual principle in our political life; for a century of apotheosis of the mere mass, the mere majority; for a century of witless dismemberment of the complex and delicate balances that made the American constitutional system the most formidable bastion of liberty ever created by men.

As the state has absorbed more and more of the powers of the individual citizen and circumscribed his liberties narrowly and ever more narrowly, so the Presidency and the omnivorous bureaucracy it heads has drawn into itself decisive control over the American state. For this office, unequalled in power, inestimably demanding in wisdom, possessing today an almost apocalyptic significance, a contest is being waged.

Between whom? Between men of the calibre of a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson, a Madison; or even of a Douglas or a Lincoln, a William Howard Taft or a Woodrow Wilson? No, at this crisis of our fortunes we are faced with a choice between two prime products of the Age of Modulation, elbowing each other in desperate anxiety to seize the geometrical middle of the road. Trimmers and calculators, they make a William Henry Harrison or a James Buchanan, a Warren Gamaliel Harding or a Harry S. Truman, look like statesmen of dignity and depth.

IT IS not primarily their personal fault that they posture before the television screen, ludicrous little men patently incongruous to the lofty grandeur of the office to which they aspire. They are there because the enshrinement of mass populistic democracy has thrust them forward as winners of a popularity contest, the rules of which decree that only the mediocre, only those who can pass through a mesh which screens out wisdom, devotion to principle, loyalty to truth and tradition, will survive.

Politics, it is true, *is* partially the art of prudential adjustment of principle to circumstances—circumstances created by the play of conflicting opinions, conflicting interests, and the sheer imperfection of the human condition. But adjustment should be adjustment towards a purpose, compromise to gain support for principled ends—not adjustment for adjustment's sake, not the gaining of votes for the sake of gaining votes.

Such a concentration upon gaining votes at any cost and in any way is, however, the inevitable outcome of a concept of government that raises the mass electorate to the position of final and absolute arbiter of the destinies of the nation. Ironically, the sway of that concept insures the survival of the mediocre man as a candidate for an office to which the same concept has given a power beyond the capability of even a wise and sober man to wield justly. Hence the inanity (farcical, if it were not freighted with ominous portent) of this election campaign and its pathetic television encounters—which Quincy Howe and his *compères* press upon posterity as a Great Debate to set the tone for the future of the Republic.

A Great Debate! Surely never before (with the possible exception of Nero's legendary performance) has there been such a spectacle of fiddling and fuddling in the face of desperate issues by presumptively responsible leaders. As a result of their anxious avoidance of true debate, what a distasteful personal impression they have succeeded in making: Nixon with his *tremolo* scoutmaster act, which *he* seems to think makes the corn grow tall on the Great Plains, but which leaves the viewer wondering how Uriah Heep managed to get born again; Kennedy, looking like a pudgy high-school bully and sounding like a sophomore who has painfully boned up for an intercollegiate debate.

They must both be pleasanter men than the image they present, but this image is all that remains after the poll surveyors and the calculating machines have done their job, after the candidates and their massive staffs have bent their every effort to win votes on every side of every issue.

On Quemoy and Matsu, for example, despite the initial *Sturm und Drang*, both candidates have succeeded in ending up in the same ambiguous position: each firmly defending the meaningless middle and accusing the other of holding a position which, meaning something, might alienate some votes somewhere. So it has gone, on issue after issue; and it is my prediction that by election day, whatever apparent challenge one or the other may issue in the remaining days of the campaign, both will have succeeded in occupying essentially the same ambiguous position on every possible question. (Even on Cuba. Surely Nixon is not going to continue right up to November 8th in the role of a Sane Nuclear Policy breather of doom, calling down the wrath of the UN upon unilateral American action and prophesying Armageddon if we intervene; and before then Kennedy will undoubtedly find a way of slithering out of the stance of a militant, patriotic Theodore Roosevelt.)

ONE or the other of the candidates, of course, will be our next President. And when he becomes President, we must try to accord him the respect the office demands. Let us fervently pray that, as has happened before, the exalted responsibilities of the Chief Magistracy will bring out the qualities and abilities now so egregiously lacking. Short of such a miracle, however, the hope of the country is not in its next President. For that we must look elsewhere: to the Congress; to the rapidly growing conservative leadership that is being thrust up in all areas of American life; to the constitutional tradition, the love of freedom, the love of country, that, despite all efforts at eradication, still remain deeply implanted in American breasts.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Californian Follies

Although there are some indications of an earnest movement toward reform of public instruction in California, that state continues to provide the dispassionate observer of American education with considerable excuse for falling into passion. I offer the following two instances.

The Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, a highly reputable association of evangelical Christian faculty people and students, has branches on many campuses throughout the country. At one division of the University of California, the local Inter-Varsity Fellowship was startled last year to be informed by the officious dean of women that women students, thereafter, were forbidden to join the group. Discussion of religion upset girls, she said, and made them neurotic. (The Inter-Varsity Fellowship, far from manifesting the symptoms of the more extreme varieties of religious experience, is a sober association with considerable intellectual attainments and a serious press.) Apparently the dean of women believed that co-eds should be confined to normal socially-approved activities, like smooching.

Marx, But Not Christ

Student members of the local Fellowship appealed to the dean of students—who promptly sustained the dean of women. "But," a Christian student remonstrated, "is it permitted for students to read on this campus?" Yes, the dean said warily, it is. "And is it permitted to hold discussions on this campus?" Yes, the dean replied uneasily, it is. "And would it be all right to conduct a Marxist Discussion Group on this campus?" The dean frowned, but said it would be. "Then," inquired the student, "why can't we have a Christian discussion group?"

"You're missing the point," cried the dean, nervously. "You have more than three people in your group, and that makes it a public meeting, and you have to have the University's permission for that."

But the dean, what with the protests of people on the faculty and professors at other universities, was forced to give way. The dean of women still tried to enforce her ban upon the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, but also had to allow young women to discuss the scandalous doctrines of Christianity. This academic year, nevertheless, a fresh threat to the Inter-Varsity Fellowship is arising—and, presumably, to Newman Clubs on Californian state campuses. For there goes into effect a University ban against any student group which discriminates as to "race, color, or creed." It is the "creed" which will be used as a bludgeon against Protestant and Catholic societies, if the administrators have a mind to establish the domination of Positivism. If a Catholic club is ordered to admit Baptists or Unitarians or atheists; if a Protestant society is expected to welcome Catholics or Jews or Moslems —why, the organization simply loses its reason for being. The Californian zealots for complete equality and "togetherness" doubtless would have demanded John Wesley's "Holy Club," in eighteenth-century Oxford, to open its arms to members of the Hellfire Club; and the Tractarians, in nineteenth-century Oxford, to embrace the champions of the dissidence of dissent.

Among the positivists of the sociological profession in our universities there exists a detestation of fraternities—or voluntary associations of most sorts, including religious bodies. These gentry will bear watching in California. If faculty and students may not meet to discuss their common religious beliefs—why, what is left of a university but a center for secular indoctrination?

Now our second present Californian folly is at the other end of the educational pyramid: a little school for boys and girls aged three and a half years to five. Mrs. Lila Joralemon, of Berkeley, has conducted such a school for the past three years. It is called Melody Workshop, and it teaches music to small children. Who would want to abolish so innocent and charming an enterprise, particularly when it does not compete with the state schools?

Why, the Californian State Department of Social Welfare hopes to abolish Melody Workshop. Why? Because, according to Mrs. Jane McKaskle, area deputy of the Social Welfare Department, this is a nursery school. And nursery schools in California must have "nails, saws, auger bits, hammers, live ducks and rabbits, a punching bag, a stripped old car, old boat and cement pipe for imaginative play, a trapeze, a large cement cylinder for climbing, jingle hammers, maracas, tom-toms, a pounding board and mallet for quiet play [!]" and similar impedimenta, if they want to be licensed.

Regimenting the Five-Year-Olds

"We object," says Mrs. McKaskle, "to her regimentation of the children —giving them no time for free play during the two and one-half hour classes . . . and there is no opportunity for free expression for the children." You can't feel free unless you have a stripped-down car and jingle hammers, you know.

Mrs. Joralemon of Melody Workshop replies, "There are enough of these play schools. The kids are tired of playing with plastic popguns. Besides, they all have them at their own homes. . . . My primary goal is to make happy mornings for the children while introducing them to the wonderful world of music. . . . I combine an introduction to music with a reconnaissance of the alphabet, phonics, etiquette, and a new vocabulary."

Wouldn't it be dreadful if small children actually learnt something in school—and enjoyed it? Why, they might grow up to be smarter than area deputies of the Department of Social Welfare. And we couldn't have that—not in the welfare state of idiotic togetherness and pounding-boards which humanitarian sociologists are planning for us.

Light on an American Dilemma?

WILLMOORE KENDALL

No one can read *The Negro in American Civilization* by Nathaniel Weyl (Public Affairs Press, $6.00) without realizing: a) that we have long needed a compendious and objective survey of the *facts* about the American Negro (not least of all because many of those facts have been systematically suppressed and misrepresented); b) that we—not merely "we" in America but "we" in the West—do have a "Negro problem," the mishandling of which may be the instrument we shall use to destroy ourselves; and c) that the author, clearly a man of intellectual honesty, is attempting to perform a signal service for us all, and especially (for he will surely be accused of the contrary) for the American Negroes themselves.

Let us speak first of the author's intellectual honesty. Just as Columbus did not set out to discover America, so Nathaniel Weyl did not set out to write this book. What he intended, he tells us, was a modest little study of the "changing status" of the Negro under the American Constitution—one, moreover, that was to be predicated upon and to document the prevailing mythology as to what constitutes "justice" for the Negro. His subject-matter, however, grew and broadened under his hand, carrying him into areas that he had "intended to ignore." He discovered that "material which passed for the objective findings of social scientists could more accurately be characterized as rationalizations and propaganda wearing academic cap and gown."

Above all, he found that the evidence accumulating in his hands warranted his changing his mind on some of the major issues involved—not, I hasten to add, on one: the imperative need for "policies . . . designed to achieve harmony between the two races on a foundation of justice and freedom." Rather, he found the need to reshape his ideas on the form those policies are going to have to take and the political theory that is going to have to guide them. A less honest man would have found a means of papering over the cracks in the wall he had selected to work on; a man less bold would have chosen—as, if he had his wits about him, Weyl must have felt tempted to do—not to write and publish the book he found germinating within him. (This reviewer's *a priori* guess, for what it is worth, is: He will pay dearly for it.)

I shall not attempt to summarize the evidence to which the questions burgeoning in Weyl's mind led him, if for no other reason than that my readers owe it to themselves to go to the book itself and examine it in detail. Suffice it to say that in "area" after "area" the evidence Weyl has assembled is vastly more discouraging, with respect both to the Negro's own future and to his future impact upon American society, than most of us have permitted ourselves to fear in our most pessimistic moments. And suffice it to add that the cumulative effect of the evidence in the several areas is appalling—doubly so because the author is apparently himself appalled.

On Weyl's showing, the Negroes, on the average (happily, the propositions can be stated, and should be for Weyl's kind of purpose, without using any such judgmental terms as "inferior") just plain do chalk up lesser scores on intelligence tests than whites. They just plain do learn less than whites, and with greater difficulty than whites, at school. They just plain do commit fantastically more crimes proportionally, and more violent crimes, than whites. And Weyl believes that these statistical tendencies have—at least at our present stage of knowledge and understanding—to be explained in large part (never mind how often you have been told this can't be) in terms of specifically biological inheritance. In which case, not only do these statistical tendencies apply to the present generation of Negroes; they will be found applying to the next and the next generation (which, incidentally, will be much larger proportionately than the present one).

All this, or at least all except the "biological" part, most of us knew in a sense already—even those of us who rely for our information upon sources that supply information of *this* kind most grudgingly. So the value of Weyl's book lies elsewhere, namely: a) in his handling of the ten thousand Liberal expedients for explaining all of it away on so-called "environmental" grounds, that is, as the wages of our sin in not having done more *for* the Negroes, and b) in his treatment of what, ultimately, is the only interesting question: Where, for the sake of all of us, white and Negro alike, do we go from here?

As for a), Weyl's general answer is along the following lines. From the standpoint of income, comfort, the means to health, access to the goods of civilization, the present generation of American Negroes is a *privileged* class—by comparison either with most of the population of the world, or, more importantly, an entire series of "underprivileged" groups in the United States which have responded successfully and fruitfully to the challenge of American life: the Russian Jews, the Chinese and the Japanese, to take only a few of the examples that come most readily to mind.

Here again Weyl's statistics are

breathtaking and, in the opinion of this writer, formidable. Could it be we shall never do justice to the Negroes in our midst, nor the Negroes to themselves, save as we all recognize that, as a group, they may have a lesser capacity than the rest of us for civilizational achievement? When we impose upon them equal responsibility for civilizational achievement we may be doing them not justice but injustice.

As for b), Weyl's major thesis would seem to be this: American civilization cannot survive without, first, an educational system that offers maximum opportunity for students of extraordinary ability to grow and learn in an academic environment that is both congenial and so structured as to bring out of them (*e ducere*) the best they have in them; and, second, cities capable of performing the indispensable urban function of providing facilities for intellectual and aesthetic communication. We are sacrificing both these goods to our ignorance and sentimentality and vicarious guilt (guilt, let me add to Weyl, that is always greatest in those quarters of American life that have *no* ethic over against which to feel guilty) about the Negroes. Or, to return to the point about political theory, we are sacrificing them to our determination to subordinate the American dream of liberty to new-fangled notions of equality.

The American educational system must be rescued from those who would treat it as an adjunct of the Negro problem (on this point Weyl tellingly cites Mrs. Agnes Meyer, and so enables me to say: this even Mrs. Meyer can see). We must reverse the trend that is making the American city an all-Negro city, in which the rule of life is, quite simply: have more children because more children mean bigger relief checks. The alternative may be no less than the self-destruction of America—with the Negroes themselves as the chief sufferers. And these possibilities call, in Weyl's view, for simultaneously learning to think of the Negroes as a group that pose very special problems, and paradoxical though it seem, ceasing to treat the Negroes as a group:

"Southern racism believes," Weyl

writes, "or pretends to believe, that *all* Negroes are mentally [and morally?] inferior to *all* whites. . . . In the North, [the] fundamental creed is that all races are equal in innate intelligence [and moral capacity?]. . . Negro shortcomings are therefore . . . due to an unfavorable environment. . . . [Now:] . . . Being equal, the Negro should produce his share of Einsteins, Freuds and Picassos. . . . Yet the really outstanding Negro intellectuals can be counted on one's fingers. . . ."

And then: "Today, the intelligent and capable Negro finds that he is carrying the stupid and delinquent one on his back. . . . He is not permitted to . . . demand that he be treated solely on the basis of . . . individual merit. . . . The American system . . . does not [properly understood?] offer equality of reward where inequality exists in ability or effort. The capable Negro . . . demands merely the full privileges of citizenship without regard to race. He is not entitled to more, nor are any of us."

Over a Sinful Abyss

VINCENT MILLER

Alan Swallow has reissued Allen Tate's *The Fathers* ($3.75; paper, $1.85), perhaps to discover if it can take its place as the finest novel about the South, and one of the half-dozen or so finest novels about America, now that the jargon and the *mores* of the "new-critical" thirties out of which it grew are dead. How soon it establishes itself, as it will, is of no significance; but the process can be hastened perhaps by admitting that Tate has not so certainly done for his subject—the Manichean sin-obsessed puritanism that typifies the South—what Joyce did for Dublin: both rendered it intelligible, and offered an inescapable purgation.

Here then is no satisfying catharsis: too much remains of the compulsive concern with sin which caused Wyndham Lewis to write (thinking of Popeye and his "rape" of the "sinner" Temple Drake) that the South's most highly-thought-of novelist was, underneath it all, a puritanical fanatic with a corn-cob. But it is only against Faulkner's failure (and not against Margaret Mitchell's, as Arthur Mizener suggests in his introduction) that Tate's achievement can be measured; for the obsession of serious Southern fiction is best represented by Faulkner's novels, and perhaps most clearly represented in his works by his story of Isaac Snopes in *The Hamlet*. Isaac is a half-wit, deprived of what Dante called the good of intellect, and pulled toward the good which man finds mirrored in the flesh after a horrible fashion. Here we have the main if not the only theme of modern Southern literature: the letch of a human will toward what seems always to Southerners to be the symbolic, depraved, horrible, fleshly desecration of some pure and other-worldy (and only occasionally magnolia-scented) ideal. It is an attitude of mind which has dogged the Christian West. In Tate's novel its Southern embodiment is raised for the first time to intelligibility.

The Fathers deals with the period of time between 1860 and 1861 which sees, imaged in two families, condensed into a few months, the death of the high if narrow prewar civilization and its replacement by the only replacement it can have: one of tremendous merit defecting into refinement rather than civilization, impotence and violence rather than ordered action. The absorbing story is told us by an old man, Lacy Buchan, who was, in 1860, a fifteen-year-old boy torn between his love of his father and his love for his brother-in-law. The first embodies a dying civilization ("I thought of papa down

in the old house in Alexandria thinking of his honor, which he would if necessary mention, and acting on his dignity which he did not know he had because he had it so perfectly.") The second, George Posey, has not been subjected to, and cannot now accept, the discipline of the old gentleman's code ("And by God they'll all starve to death, that's what they'll do. They do nothing but die and marry and think about the honor of Virginia.") George is undisciplined, "romantic," "dashing," and "refined"; and he realizes that the Major's way is dead, ended not by the war but by the prior failure of the economic base upon which it rested.

What unites these two men is the putative "fact" that life takes place over a sinful abyss, which the Major's civilization has learned to ignore, but which George's romantic refinement has not. George, "refined," Lacy tells us, but not "civilized," sees a young Durham bull struggling to mount a cow, and, falling momentarily but significantly into an abyss of Manichean selfawareness, "blushes to the roots of his hair." But Major's wife answers a young girl who asks, simply and without irony, "He's here on business." She expresses, as her son realizes, not a different view of the sinful horror of earthly existence, but the extent to which events have for her only their socially agreed-upon meanings. It is an "intricate game," which the Major expects everyone to play "because everything he was and felt was in the game itself." But the game is over: George and Lacy will never be disciplined into its intricacies; they and the rest of the Major's family are about to be swept into the pit, there all the time, where Faulkner's Isaac lies.

Whether or not Tate shared Lacy Buchan's views is unimportant (he may even have felt with Lacy the compelling attraction of some of the events in his horror story, or thought with George that the Major's world fell as a result of economics, rather than of a healthy if tragically purging moral law relating to will powers over abysses). His novel is in any case a near-great one; for he learned just enough of "technique" from the new critical movements of the thirties—and, one guesses, from Ford Madox Ford—to create a plot less compelling than Faulkner's because more artistic.

However symbol-laden, unrealized, and "new-critical," his novel projects a world to be understood rather than a set of fictional events which arouse and satisfy the blinded will. What one sees, sufficiently distanced by the pane of glass Tate learned how to put there by respecting his craft, is the touching grandeur of Major Buchan's South and the tragic inevitability of its fall into romance, violence and refinement—mirrored in a host of precisely imaged actions which, considering the date of its subject, no author younger than Mr. Tate can now assemble. It is one of America's finest novels.

Our China Policy: A Reminder

RODNEY GILBERT

SOMEWHERE in every purposeful book one can find a few passages which give the gist of the author's message and also give a clue to the reason why he sat down and wrote it. So it is that in the body of David Nelson Rowe's *Modern China: A Brief History* (Anvil-Van Nostrand, $1.25) the reader comes upon the following three revelations of purpose:

1. *"In respect to China, as in Korea and Germany, the United States and its chief allies seem resigned, at the most, to a policy of military protection of the territorial status quo, combined with economic and political support of South Korea, West Germany and Taiwan. The more positive concept of carrying even economic and political warfare to the enemy comes under increasing attack from the allies of the United States and from those elements in the United States who believe that the mitigation of hostility between the Communist world and the free world is feasible and desirable. These governments and people evidently do not accept the Communist analysis, according to which 'Bolsheviks' and their enemies—all non-Bolsheviks—have essentially nothing in common; there is no shared standard of value between and above them!"*

2. *"Satisfying the interests and demands of Communist regimes can lead only to war, the course of which would be heavily determined in advance by the extent of our surrender prior to the failure of a policy of appeasement."*

3. *"Today there seems little reason to doubt that the Chinese Communists are gradually but steadily working themselves into a problem of internal dissidence so massive that the mere slowness of its development may deceive us into unawareness of it. The impact of this dissidence will not likely be suddenly catastrophic like that of an avalanche. Rather it will probably be as slow and irresistible as the movement of a glacier. It is the task of a sophisticated economic and political warfare, backed by constant military readiness, to aid and abet the development of massive dissidence among the suffering Chinese people."*

Half of Professor Rowe's book is historical narrative; half consists of pertinent historical documents. The old story of the decay of imperial China under the impact of pushful European commercialism — inevitable in an already shrinking world—is retold. How the Chinese tried to defend their ancient position of cultural superiority in their own detached world, first by exclusion and then by resort to arms, and how the merchant adventurers of the West broke down the barriers with much brutality and injustice, is related with fair apportionate blame to both sides. Then comes the story of how the Chinese, after their disastrous defeat at Japan's hands in 1894, went through thirty-five years of fumbling reform, revolution, and experimentation with alien political institutions, involving many disheartening failures, until Communist infiltration of Dr. Sun's Kuomintang excited interest in the possibilities of a still more radical experiment with an alien political nostrum.

Finally—just as Chiang Kai-shek's

dual tasks of purging North China of warlordism and South China of revolutionary Comunism under Soviet Russian auspices were being accomplished; and as China seemed about to enter at last upon a period of unity, economic stability and internal peace—the Japanese, in 1931, struck in Manchuria in what was very evidently the first move in a campaign to reduce all China to the status of an imperial colony and a field for exclusive exploitation by the Japanese.

There was no surcease from worry from then on until the Japanese did, in the summer of 1937, launch an all-out war of conquest that was to last for eight full years. During the first four years China fought alone, "yielding space for time." Then for a time she was worse off than ever, as Japan's conquests of the American Philippines, of French Indo-China, of British Malaya and Burma, and of the Dutch East Indies, cut off the Chinese in the western provinces from all communications with the world, and the only relief from despair was the sight of Clare Chennault and his volunteer Flying Tigers shooting the Japanese air force out of China's skies.

The magnificent obstinacy with which Chiang Kai-shek fought on, keeping a round million Japanese soldiery busy in China and rejecting all of Japan's tempting offers of peace, is something that Dr. Rowe does not now forget, although the American government and people were shortly to become shamefully forgetful of it. It is when Dr. Rowe reaches the point where our foreign-service boys in Chungking began their propaganda against "the unspeakably corrupt and incompetent Chiang Kai-shek" and their tributes to the merits of Mao Tse-tung's "agrarian reformers," that he really gets into his stride.

The story begins with the anti-Chiang smear campaign; but almost coincidental with it was Franklin D. Roosevelt's betrayal of Chinese interests at Yalta. It wasn't long after the savor of victory over Japan had been soured by the revelation of that betrayal that Chiang Kai-shek had to put up with General Marshall's meddling (under Truman's direction) in China's effort to dispose of the Communist threat.

WHETHER the idea of forcing Chiang to take the Reds into a coalition government by withholding desperately needed financial aid authorized by Congress, and still more desperately needed munitions authorized by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was the result of stupidity at the top or of malevolent near-treasonable scheming at lower levels, it did insure a friendly regime's collapse and a dedicated enemy's total victory. When General Marshall boasted (as Dr. Rowe does not relate) that he had "disarmed Chiang Kai-shek with a stroke of the pen," meaning that he had put an embargo on aid to Chiang, he was actually boasting that he had insured China's delivery into the hands of Stalin and Mao. All this Dr. Rowe reviews as he leads up to the observations quoted above, on the present inclination to do it all over again.

The 98-page historical review and comments on the current effort to substitute what Neville Chamberlain called "patient conciliation" for the Dulles policy of non-recognition and pressure, is followed by twenty-two supplementary documents, or "readings" as Dr. Rowe calls them. These include five treaties, important if not always exhilarating; a couple of foreign-service reports to the State Department from Chungking, deliberately misleading; some of Mao Tse-tung's revelations of Red thinking; one of General Marshall's reports, interesting because of the conflict in it between his official anxiety to carry out his wrong-headed mission and his angry unofficial reaction to consistent Red duplicity, bad faith and mendacity; a digest of Dr. Sun's "Three People's Principles" and Free China's Constitution; and finally, and most important, "U. S. Policy towards the Chinese People," a memorandum put out by the State Department, August 11, 1958, for the guidance of all diplomatic personnel abroad.

This last document, composed while Secretary Dulles was still alive and Assistant Secretary Walter Robertson was still in action, is a detailed and all but exhaustive statement of the many good reasons for our policy of non-recognition and for denying Red China admission to the community of civilized peoples. The reprinting of this alone justifies the publication of Dr. Rowe's little book at this particular time.

Finally, it needs to be emphasized that Dr. Rowe was born and grew up in China, where he became as familiar with colloquial Chinese as with his own language, and that he later made a systematic study of the language at Harvard and in Peiping. He is thus equipped, as no onlooker from without can possibly be, to *feel* what is going on in the minds of the Chinese people. When he refuses to accept the twaddle about "the secure and permanent establishment" of the Red regime in China and expresses his firm conviction that the despotic clique in Peiping and its stupendous bureaucratic organization will go down sooner or later under the weight of massive "dissidence," the reader can feel confident that he is learning something from the very heart of China. This reviewer accepts this view without reservation (as Secretary Dulles obviously did when he described the present situation in China as "a passing phase") and he fervently hopes that Dr. Rowe's message makes the impression on our people that it should.

Fall Book Number

The November 19 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW will be a special book number, including reviews and discussion by:

Will Herberg, on *Marxism: The View from America*, by Clinton Rossiter
Sir Shane Leslie, on *Lord Derby*, by Randolph Churchill
Hugh Kenner, on a group of contemporary poets
James Burnham, on *American Strategy for the Nuclear Age*, edited by Walter F. Hahn and John C. Neff
Joan Didion, on fiction of the fall season
Robert Y. Drake, on the faddist critics of *Huckleberry Finn*

Theater

Assault Upon Honor

GARRY WILLS

THE PATRONS of Broadway, fed a steady diet of incest, perversion, and various kinds of cannibalism, may well be expected to stomach anything. But it was shocking to observe the titters and applause with which an entire audience saluted that colm affront to mankind, Jean Anouilh's *Becket*. The play is not "immoral," as that term is normally used of a play; it is, rather, supremely *dishonorable*, a high mark in the modern assault upon the very concept of honor. It is grimly ironic that the leading actor is one of that band of men who still bears a "Sir" before his name. Laurence Olivier's participation in this drama is a sign that all memory is lost of the honor once demanded of a knight.

Anouilh purports to tell the story of St. Thomas Becket. Satire, burlesque or attack upon Thomas would have been relatively open and honorable; but Anouilh comes, with a sneering sympathy, to *understand* the mystery of a man—or, rather, of two men, since England's King is as important, in the play, as England's Archbishop. It is the tale of a doomed friendship.

What was in reality the secret of mutual respect and sorrow between these adversaries, men who loved each other yet would not yield an inch on matters that touched the dignity of their separate magistracies? The subject has intrigued men ever since this great tragedy was first enacted in the solemn setting of Canterbury Cathedral. Anouilh's answer is formulated in scorn, and depends on the simplification of every aspect of the historic encounter of man and issues before the high altar.

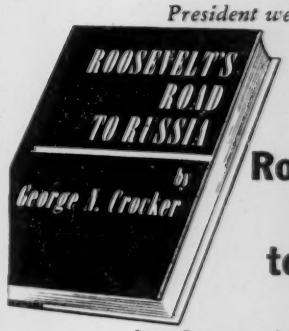
Kingship is presented as absurd: Anthony Quinn, the bestial Henry II with an adolescent's "crush" on Thomas, has nothing but contempt for his own position, his half-witted family, and all the ceremony that doth hedge a king. Priests are presented as absurd: all of Thomas' colleagues are conscious frauds, including the Pope (here seen, in Machiavellian council at Rome, speaking the "Italian" of B movies—an immigrant's broken English). Thomas himself is defending neither Church nor creed: under a concept he blasphemously calls "the honor of God," he regains with the Archbishop the dignity of his defeated Saxon race, and stands up for the Saxon peasants cringing under the Norman rule. Though he will not himself strike at the men come to murder him, and to spoil the dignity of his stance, he encourages a Saxon monk to do so; and Thomas' last breath is spent regretting that the poor monk died without taking a single knight with him. With a last touch of tastelessness—something Anouilh unerringly achieves in this play—the Archbishop gives the monk his silver crozier as a weapon to use against the Normans.

Anouilh archly confessed, in the *New York Times*, that he knew this business of racial conflict had nothing to do with the original tragedy. Becket was not a Saxon! Anouilh does not ignore historical accuracy, like Shakespeare, in order to concentrate on the basic human situation. Rather he uses error to translate the complex struggle of man and man, of man and God, to the base level of simple conquest and revenge.

Henry murders out of blind jealousy and wounded love. Thomas, who is presented as incapable of loving Henry or anyone else, adheres to Anouilh's blasphemous "honor of God" as the only escape from his emotional impotency. The King of France is seen picking his teeth while receiving ambassadors. The Pope mumbles that he is "'fraid of an honesta priesta." Thomas and Henry go hunting and whoring together in the early scenes that depict their friendship (and give occasion for two deft strip-tease acts). The peasant girls Thomas would defend are anxious to become wealthy mistresses of the Normans. The nobility is as stupid, drunken, and full of hate as the clergy. In short, nothing of dignity is left to anyone—kings, priests,

St. Thomas Becket

Khrushchev Said:
"There was one American President we got along with very well"



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countries, religion, friendship, prayer, man, God—when the curtain falls at last on the senseless flogging of Henry by the priests.

THIS may seem the common fare of Broadway, but there is a great difference between *Becket* and *The Balcony*. One must have whores if one places the drama—as Brecht, Behan and Genet do, to mention only plays now running—in a whorehouse. But Anouilh pretends to address himself to the understanding of the mystery of a real man's life, and its real effect on the world; for Thomas stands for something intimately woven into the history of the human race—something as real as the steps in Canterbury Cathedral worn away by the knees of pilgrims from every age and every area of Christendom, something as real as Chaucer's poem or the candles burned at Mass on the feast of England's patron.

Eliot knew this when he presented the plight of contemporary England in *Murder in the Cathedral*, a mystery play which re-enacted the shepherd's death for his flock. Of course, Anouilh did not have to agree with Eliot, or Chaucer, or anyone else, in his interpretation; but when he deliberately chooses a tale so rich in significance only to mock every aspect of the real event and all it has meant to men for centuries, he places himself outside of civilization. He is a barbarian spitting on the place where Thomas fell, simply because other men have kissed it. He admits any mockery—the most tasteless, the most inartistic. It is just bad dramaturgy to suggest that men are conversing in Italian by making them speak bad English; it is the kind of thing a child might do. Anouilh, of course, knows better; but he is willing to do himself any dishonor in the name of scorn.

Perhaps Olivier and Quinn know better, too; perhaps, deep down, even the audience does. But we have been taught to clap our hands every time a man sticks his tongue out at tradition. Impudence can almost always pass, among us, for talent; and childish tantrums are dignified by the word "iconoclasm." The price of such insolence must be paid, and soon. After this pilgrimage-in-reverse to Canterbury, one cannot go much further in the loss of dignity and honor. Perhaps a long run on Broadway of the Black Mass; then the darkness.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

KENNEDY OR NIXON—Does It Make a Difference?, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. (Macmillan, $1.95). A cream puff for Jack, by a historian whose simple-minded partisanship strips him here of style and manners. He sits at table gorging with his fingers and spilling food down his front, in his ravenous desire to feed the gnawing hunger-at-large for a plausible set of reasons why anyone in his right mind should vote for Mr. Kennedy. Professor Schlesinger's recipe: Hate Nixon.

W. F. BUCKLEY JR.

POEMS OF A JEW, by Karl Shapiro (Random House, $3.50). Mr. Shapiro's preface virtually thrusts beneath our nostrils these forty "documents of an obsession." "One of those who views with disgust and disappointment . . . the backsliding of artists and intellectuals toward religion," he trafficks in turbulent hallucination, with the ego at the center: "Messias," in which a boy's terror at the sight of a bearded alms-seeker mounts to the cadence of implacable quatrains; "Five Self-Portraits" taut with bitter epigram; "The Leg," a savage comedy about amputation; everything proclaiming a fierce animal intransigence, as of a fist pounding, which is Mr. Shapiro's meaning for the word "Jew" ("the primitive ego of the human race"), and saturated with an ungovernable pungency of idiom, like Armenian cookery. Pound said of the late Wyndham Lewis that he was a seismograph, not a compass. Mr. Shapiro is neither. His turmoils are not public phenomena, and as a guide to order he is as useless as a burning bush. He had perhaps the ill-luck to be born into the wrong language; to a more austere idiom than colloquial American (littered with glamors that, quickened into poetry, look merely Victorian) he might have brought the gifts of a Jewish Baudelaire.

H. KENNER

LIFE, ITS DIMENSIONS AND ITS BOUNDS, by Robert L. MacIver (Harper, $3.00) is an idiotically pretentious title, no doubt the choice of the publisher, not the author. Actually Mr. MacIver modestly refrains from forcing himself into the company of great connoisseurs of life, like Plato or Saint Anselm. His purpose is simply to display the limits of science, a task which he accomplishes well. He sets up a nominalist scientist to represent the classical scientific claim to possess the only significant source of knowledge and truth, and opposes a realist scientist who demolishes his superficial mechanistic materialism—but who fails miserably to put anything substantial in its place, stumbling, apparently, on the *pons asinorum* of contemporary scientism, Heisenberg's theory of indeterminism.

J. WISNER

Books of Interest

Tourist in Africa, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown, $3.75). Amusing, interesting, faintly querulous observations upon The Emerging World from a man destined never to get The Beat Of It.

Lament for a Generation, by Ralph de Toledano (Farrar, $3.95). The political and spiritual odyssey of a sensitive and knowledgeable man through the crowded decades of the mid-century.

Moments Preserved, by Irving Penn (Simon & Schuster, $17.50). Some 300 photographs—pointillist landscapes, surgical portraits of people notable and notorious—by America's best magazine photographer, a man who transcends, even as he helps to create, that four-color bleed world where, as he once observed, "women do not wrinkle, fruit does not decay, babies do not cry."

Memories and Commentaries, by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft (Doubleday, $3.95). More *Conversations with Stravinsky:* likely random gossip about music and people, plus the first Stravinsky-Auden scenario for *The Rake's Progress*.

To the Editor

Some Final Words on the Election

You maintain that abstention from voting, or working to "defeat Nixon," is "a rational position for a conservative" ["NATIONAL REVIEW and the 1960 Elections," Oct. 22]. Such a policy actually would have an effect the opposite of what you predict.

If Mr. Nixon loses, he will not assume that conservatives purposely stayed home, because it will be impossible to prove that with statistics. Rather, he and the other politicians will assume that Mr. Kennedy got more votes because he promised more—and the Republican Party will continue its leftward course in the vain search for those votes.

New York City ROSEMARY MCGRATH

I have noted a few rather caustic letters from some of your clientele who declare their intention to stay at home on November 8. Such a course of action (or inaction) to my mind is sheer defeatism. In a Presidential election we must always deal not with ideal choices of alternatives, but with the actual choices before us.

There is much practical wisdom in Senator Goldwater's advice not to let this election go by default. As President Grover Cleveland once said in another connection, "It is a condition that confronts us, not a theory."

Chattanooga, Tenn. FRANK W. PRESCOTT

Why all this fuss about Mr. Nixon's liberalism? Don't you realize he is carrying out The Dirty Plot [Sept. 12, 1959]?

All of you have written volumes on the political scene and we all agree, but author Peter Crumpet (obviously a practical man) spells out the Perfect Plan and you aren't even aware that it is being put into effect.

So relax, sit back and listen to those wonderful records Mr. Ralph de Toledano recommends. . . .

N. Tarrytown, N.Y. PATRICIA B. BRADY

I hope your readers who write of "sitting this election out" realize there will be more at stake on November 8 than just the Presidency. Senators, Congressmen and state officials will be elected too—and it is imperative that all conservatives vote for the right candidates for these positions, whether or not they vote for Nixon.

The state legislatures are especially important this year, because many congressional districts and state legislative districts will be altered as a result of the 1960 census. The *Wall Street Journal* reports that such redistricting could decide as many congressional contests in 1962 as the elections will do this year. So conservatives, don't forget your local candidates!

Cleveland, Ohio LYN SWENSON

Does no one remember in 1952 Frank Chodorov's saying, in part, that while he could not bring himself to do so, his more Machiavellian friends were going to vote for Stevenson? They felt that Stevenson wouldn't get off the ground (such alarm did he create among conservatives). Whereas with Ike, too many would lean back, relieved and not observing, because Ike was sort of conservative. . . . And look what happened!

Today, so with Nixon. Let Kennedy win! That'll really shake up a bunch of people logey with the good, good life. . . .

Evanston, Ill. DOROTHY MAHLE

Japan's Population Problem

I find it extremely distressing (both in the original memorandum printed in Mr. Burnham's column on the population problem and in the further expansion by the original author) to find the example of Japan put forward admiringly—while the harsh facts of the Japanese "success" are concealed by omission.

Japanese control of the birth rate has been achieved, not by contraception, but by a massive state-encouraged program of abortion. It is possible for men to remain within the Western tradition and hold differing views about the morality of contraception. Abortion, however, is a very different matter; and widespread subsidized abortion, a horror.

Indeed, I should think that, whatever one's personal moral attitude towards contraception may be, any action whatsoever by the state in what is the most private of private

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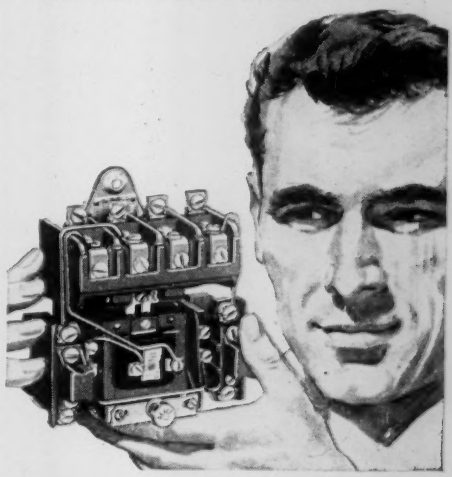

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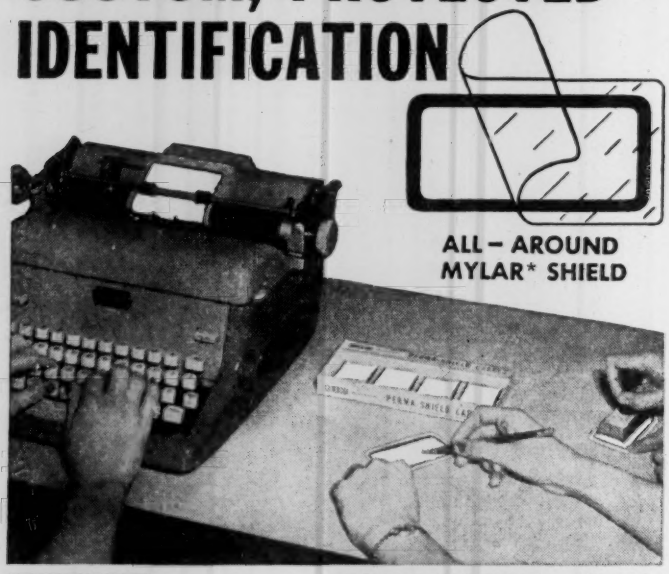

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matters would be regarded by NATIONAL REVIEW as philosophically, morally and politically evil.

Madison, Wis. JAMES MAY GREY

A Brave Man's Enemies

Anne Konstance drew an accurate bead on Pearson ["Full Moon for Drew Pearson," Oct. 22]. I am just waiting for the malefic columnist to get around to one of the bravest men in Congress, California's Edgar Hiestand of the 21st District. If you can judge a great leader by the caliber of his opponents, Mr. Hiestand rates one hundred per cent (which, incidentally, is his rating in the ACA Index, too).

Jimmy Hoffa has sworn to defeat Hiestand, who wrote vital sections of the Landrum-Griffin "workers' bill of rights." Adlai Stevenson crowded a cocktail party reception for Hiestand's opponent into a hasty and unhappy visit to Los Angeles last month. And AFL-CIO's COPE is spending an estimated $100,000 to delude union members into voting against this staunch friend of laborers. . . .

La Canada, Cal. MRS. EILEEN IVERS

Washington Redeemed

At long last we have something in Washington to be proud of—the Redskins.

E. Milton, Mass. BERNARD MCCABE

The Company Cousins Keeps

One point of "The Ordeal of Kenneth Tynan" [by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Oct. 22] leaves me confused. Norman Cousins is alleged to have been angry because the Tynan production linked him with members of the extreme Left like Dalton Trumbo and Alger Hiss.

This is the same Norman Cousins who links *himself* with the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. SANE has among its most ardent workers such people as: Lewis Mumford, formerly of the National Committee to Secure Justice for the Rosenbergs and Morton Sobell; Ira Hirschman, supporter of the Henry Wallace for President Committee; Harold E. Fay, national committee member of the Workers Defense League; Dr. Harold Taylor, former President of Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, and supporter of the Committee of One Thousand (to abolish the HUAC). This list, to be sure, only scratches

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the surface. If Mr. Cousins objects to being linked with members of the extreme Left, are we to suppose he considers his committee associates to be moderate Liberals?

Of course, we might have stopped at the beginning to reflect that Dalton Trumbo and Alger Hiss slipped into the category of the extremists only by virtue of the workings of congressional committees against which moderate Liberals crusade. Therefore, when the moderates succeed, there will be no more committees and, *ergo,* no more extremists. Happily, Norman Cousins' dilemma may be solved.

Yonkers, N.Y. ED. J. CANAVAN

A Two-Minute Hate Session

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's revealing article ["The Phenomenon of Willi Schlamm," September 24] is in many respects correct. . . .

Curiously enough, the most violent reactions to Schlamm at his Munich speech came from those young men who admittedly never bothered to read his book. The boos and catcalls came from compact heckling sections in the audience—and the agitators themselves were, save for a few hangers-on, in the 19-22 age group.

After a bit of investigation, I learned that the SPD (Democratic Socialist Party) had arranged pre-lecture pep sessions, at which heckling was practiced while the "warmongering" and *Kriegslust* tendencies of Schlamm were exposed (one student described the Orwellian character of a session as resembling a "two-minute hate period"). Once having succeeded in convincing the students of Schlamm's total worthlessness, it was a simple matter to find willing and able demonstrators.

RICHARD V. ALLEN
Kaulbachstrasse, Germany

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MASS PLUTOCRACY

Continued from p. 275

tery of the physical world, they appear to reason, has caused us to pass a critical point, so that we need no longer be concerned with those forces which derive from physical vigor and character. *Virtus* like honor is now something for the museum.

But life has other challenges, and the testimony of history is against those who place their faith in a material sufficiency. My prediction is that the test of whether a people or a nation will survive still depends on the mettle that is in them and not on the appurtenances that they own. All possessions are in fact detachable. What is not detachable is the constitution of the man. His capacity to endure physical hardship and his ability to think clear and straight take precedence as gifts over his belongings. The former may insure the latter, but the latter cannot insure the former.

Plutocratic thinking begins by ruling out this unpleasant conclusion, which is that the man will have to stand a test as a man and not just as a possessor of outward means. At one time such thinking was characteristic of only a few persons, who had allowed their possessions to distort their vision. Now it is becoming characteristic of the masses, and as our leaders tend to become more and more followers, out of their fear of pressure groups, it is the line which they feed back to the masses. Is there any way of avoiding an epitaph which would read, "Here lies the world's greatest plutocracy"? It is too early to despair, but certainly a mountain pile of stuff and guff about progress and comfort will have to be swept away before anything can be done. Much of it has appeared with the imprint of universities and from the hands of professors attached to these. Much of it has been transmitted by politically motivated politicians. And journals of high and low opinions have contributed a mighty share. Until it is removed, we will not be able to see man as a creature of more than appetitive function, whose training must include the disciplines of rigor and denial. But it needs the word and the special power of a prophet to wake us up to the necessity. A prophet in a plutocracy is a rebel. Of course he would not have to be honored in his own country in order to save it.

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